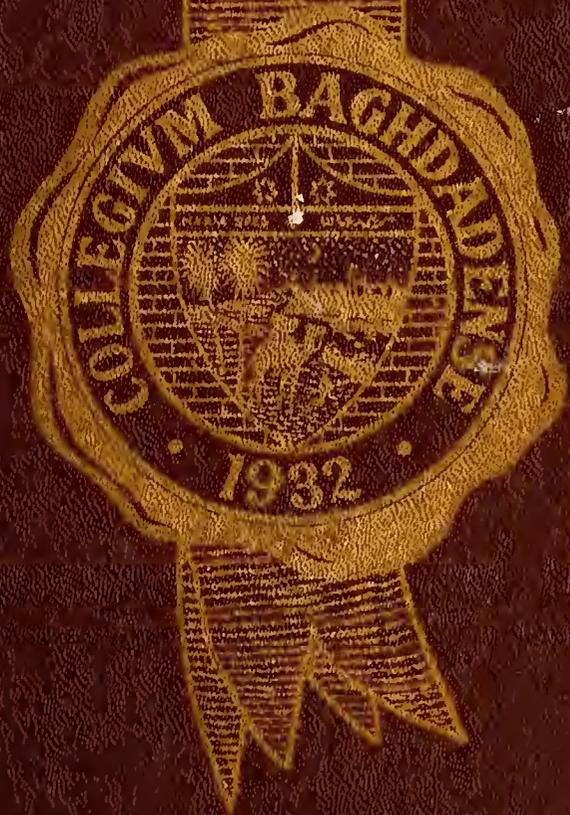


THE  
1948  
EL IRAQI  
BAGHDAD COLLEGE  
IRAQ







# EL IRAQI



PUBLISHED BY

THE SENIOR CLASS

## BAGHDAD COLLEGE

BAGHDAD, IRAQ



NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY - EIGHT

## DEDICATION

Written indelibly in the history of Baghdad College is the name of Father Madaras. In 1932, with the late Bishop Rice, he laid the foundations of our school, and for the past sixteen years has labored with extraordinary zeal to fulfill its purpose, An Iraqi School For Iraqi Boys. A pioneer in every sense of the word, he emphasized the highest possible ideals for the development of youth, and it is significant of his determination and character that those ideals today are a reality. His long years of service as teacher and administrator are well known to all Baghdad College men, but the endless hours of hidden toil for the spiritual, scholastic, and temporal welfare of the student body are known to God alone. With sentiments of profound respect and sincere admiration the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Forty-eight dedicates this issue of El Iraqi to our present Rector and Leader,

Very Reverend Edward F. Madaras, S. J.



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VERY REVEREND EDWARD F. MADARAS, S. J.



The College



Faculty Residence and Boarding House





West Entrance



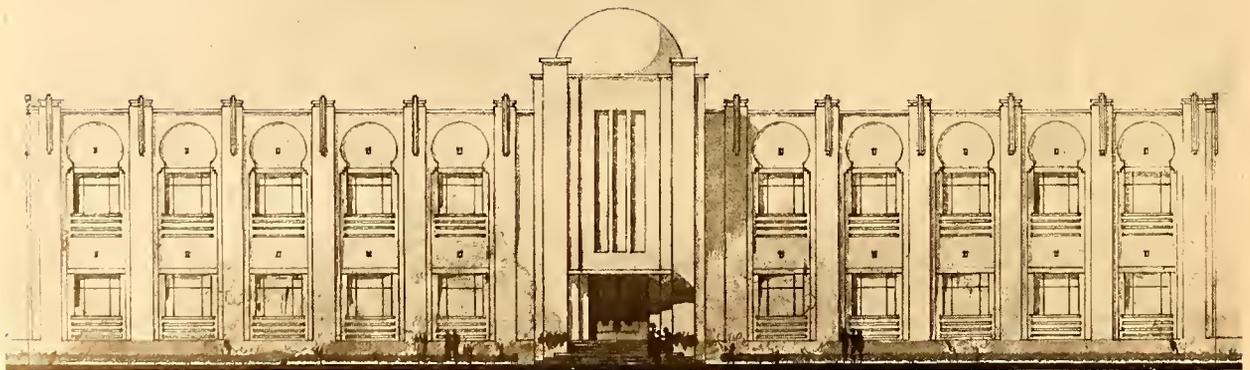
East Entrance



Administration Building

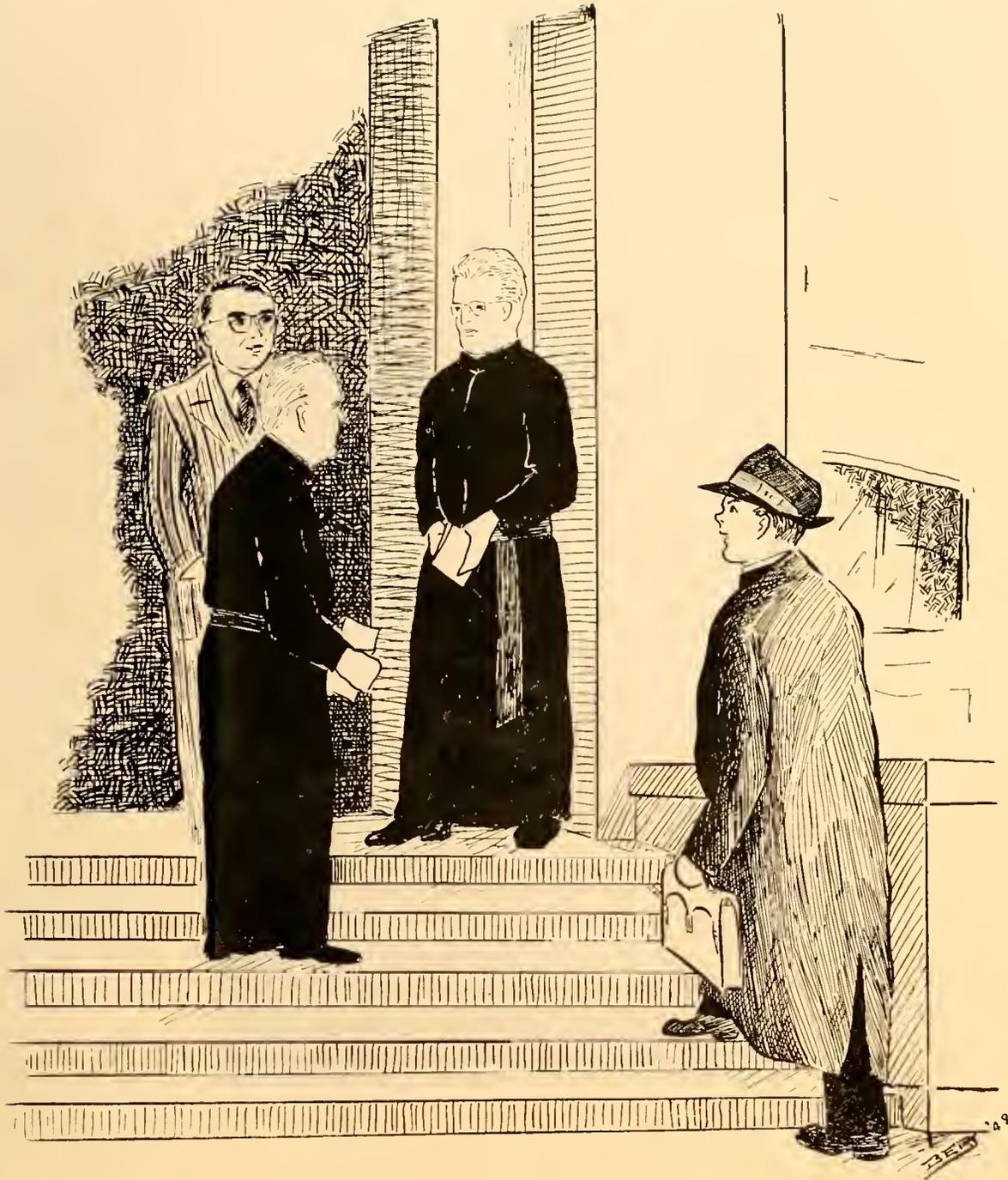
# BISHOP RICE MEMORIAL

SCIENCE BUILDING  
AT  
BAGHDAD COLLEGE



FRONT ELEVATION

Proposed Bishop Rice Memorial



FACULTY

---



VERY REVEREND EDWARD F. MADARAS, S. J.

*President*



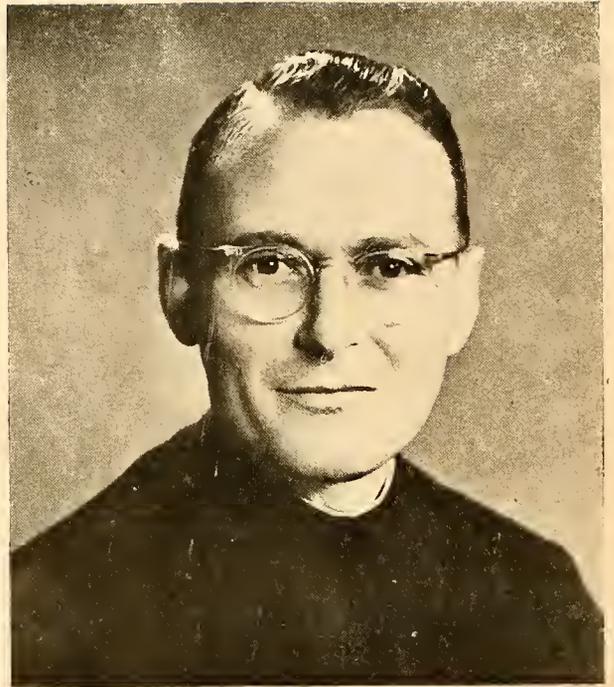
REVEREND JOSEPH P. CONNELL, S. J.

*Principal*



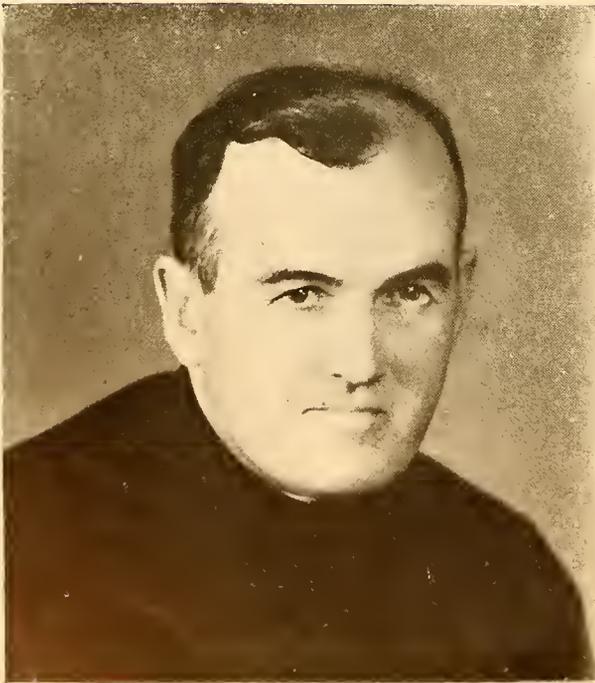
REV. MICHAEL J. McCARTHY, S. J.

*Vice-President*



REV. JOSEPH D. QUINN, S. J.

*Assistant Principal*



REV. CHARLES W. MAHAN, S. J.

*Prefect of Boarding School*



DR. ROMEO DE SOUZA

*School Physician*



REV. JOSEPH P. MERRICK, S. J.  
*Mathematics, Religion*



REV. LEO J. GUAY, S. J.  
*Chemistry*



REV. STANISLAUS T. GERRY, S. J.  
*Biology*

## SENIOR CLASS PROFESSORS



REV. JOHN J. MCGRATH, S. J.  
*Physics*



MR. MAHMUD IBRAHIM  
*Arabic*



REV. JOHN P. BANKS, S. J.  
*English*



REV. JOHN A. MIFF, S. J.



MR. BECHIR KHUDHARI



REV. FRANCIS B. SARJEANT, S. J.



REV. JOHN A. DEVENNY, S. J.



MR. GEORGE ABBOSH



REV. ROBERT J. SULLIVAN, S. J.



REV. CHARLES M. LOEFFLER, S. J.



MR. MAHMUD YUSUF



REV. THOMAS J. KELLY, S. J.





REV. THOMAS J. LYNCH, S. J.



MR. NASIR TAQLAQ



REV. JOHN J. WILLIAMS, S. J.



REV. RALPH B. DELANEY, S. J.



MR. GOUBRAN BOUTROS



REV. THOMAS F. HESSEY, S. J.



REV. JAMES P. LARKIN, S. J.



MR. ABDUL-QADIR SAAD



REV. SIDNEY M. MACNEIL, S. J.



REV. THOMAS B. MULVEHILL, S. J.



MR. JAMIL SALIM



REV. JOSEPH L. RYAN, S. J.



REV. JOHN L. MAHONEY, S. J.



MR. SHAWKAT ZOMA



REV. PAUL A. NASH, S. J.



REV. WILLIAM J. LARKIN, S. J.



MR. ANWER STEPHAN



BROTHER ITALO F. PARNOFF, S. J.

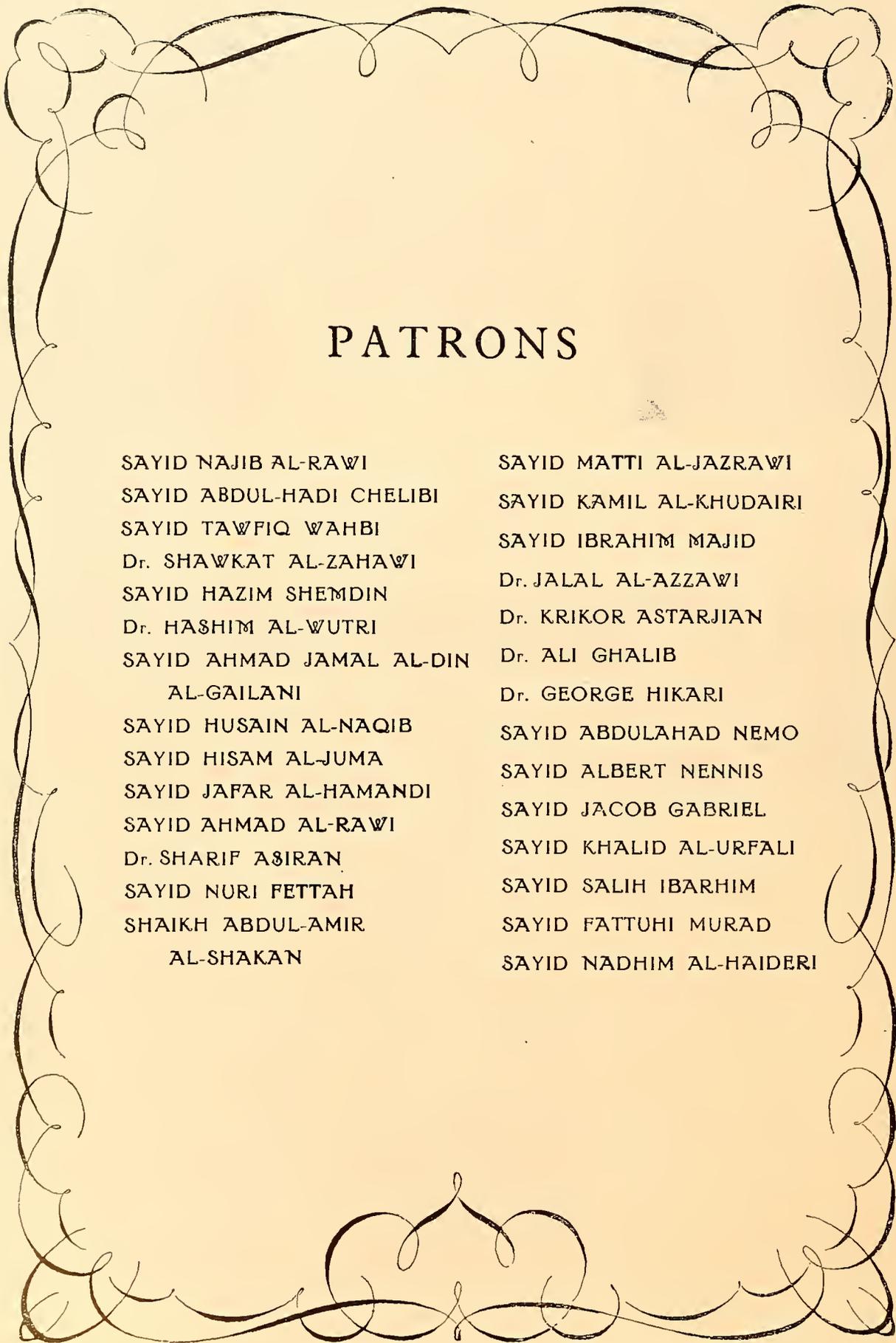


MR. GEORGE GEORGES



MR. HANNA GEORGE





## PATRONS

SAYID NAJIB AL-RAWI  
SAYID ABDUL-HADI CHELIBI  
SAYID TAWFIQ WAHBI  
Dr. SHAWKAT AL-ZAHAWI  
SAYID HAZIM SHEMDIN  
Dr. HASHIM AL-WUTRI  
SAYID AHMAD JAMAL AL-DIN  
AL-GAILANI  
SAYID HUSAIN AL-NAQIB  
SAYID HISAM AL-JUMA  
SAYID JAFAR AL-HAMANDI  
SAYID AHMAD AL-RAWI  
Dr. SHARIF ASIRAN  
SAYID NURI FETTAH  
SHAIKH ABDUL-AMIR  
AL-SHAKAN

SAYID MATTI AL-JAZRAWI  
SAYID KAMIL AL-KHUDAIRI  
SAYID IBRAHIM MAJID  
Dr. JALAL AL-AZZAWI  
Dr. KRIKOR ASTARJIAN  
Dr. ALI GHALIB  
Dr. GEORGE HIKARI  
SAYID ABDULAHAD NEMO  
SAYID ALBERT NENNIS  
SAYID JACOB GABRIEL  
SAYID KHALID AL-URFALI  
SAYID SALIH IBARHIM  
SAYID FATTUHI MURAD  
SAYID NADHIM AL-HAIDERI



1943



1948

SENIOR CLASS \_\_\_\_\_



ABBAS KHALAF AL-ZUBAIDI

*Activities*

Scientific Society 5; Debating Society 5; Intramural Sports.



ADOLF BAHJAT FARAJ

*Activities*

Sodality 3, 4, Athletic Representative 5; Sanctuary Society 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Debating Society 4, 5; Elocution Contest 4; Intramural Sports.



AKRAM ZAKI SHASHA

*Activities*

Sacred Heart League 5; Sanctuary Society 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Debating Society 4, 5; Dramatic Society 4; EL IRAQI Staff 5; Handball Championship 4; Intramural Sports.



ALADDIN SALIM AL-BAIRANI

*Activities*

Debating Society 4, Vice-President 5; Scientific Society 5; EL IRAQI Staff 5; Intramural Sports.

AMJAD EPHREM COTTA

*Activities*

Sodality 1, 5; Scientific Society 4, 5; Intramural Sports.



ANTWAN AWADIS APEKIAN

*Activities*

Sodality 4, 5; Debating Society 5; Varsity Basketball Team 4, 5; Varsity Track Team 2, 3, 4, 5; Intramural Sports.

ARTHUR KRIKOR KARAYAN

*Activities*

Scientific Society 1, 5; Dramatic Society 4; Debating Society 5; Library Staff; Intramural Sports.



BERJ OHANNES TCHOBANIAN

*Activities*

Debating Society 4, 5; Scientific Society 5; EL IRAQI Staff 4, 5; Intramural Sports.



CARL GEORGE CONWAY

*Activities*

Sodality 4, 5; EL IRAQI Staff 4, 5; Debating Society 4, 5; Elocution Contest 3, 4, 5; Varsity Basketball Team 3, 4, 5; Intramural Sports.



CLOVIS AZIZ BUTROS

*Activities*

Debating Society 5; Intramural Sports.



EDMOND CAETANO SILVEIRA

*Activities*

Debating Society 4, Secretary 5; Scientific Society 5; Elocution Contest 2, 3.



FAIQ MIKHAIL AUDU

*Activities*

Sacred Heart League 4, 5; Debating Society 5; Intramural Sports.



FARID YUSUF OUEI

*Activities*

Sodalitv 3, 4, 5: Intramural Sports.



FARUQ NURI FATTAH

*Activities*

EL IRAQI Staff 5: Intramural Sports.

FRANK SALIM THOMAS

*Activities*

Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3: Varsity Basketball Team  
3, 4: Boxing Team 5: Intramural Sports.



GEORGE NAUM AZZU

*Activities*

Sacred Heart League 4, President 5: Varsity Track Team  
2, 3, 4, 5: Varsity Football Team 3, 4, 5: Boxing Team 5:  
Intramural Sports.



HAGOP DAUD NAZARIAN

*Activities*

Scientific Society 5; Debating Society 4, 5; Library Staff; Varsity Football Team 5; Intramural Sports.



HIKMAT MATTI AL-JAZRAWI

*Activities*

Sanctuary Society 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Intramural Sports.



JAMAL LEON BUSHARA

*Activities*

Sodality 3, 4, President 5; Debating Society 4, 5; Dramatic Society 4, 5; EL IRAQI Staff 4, 5; Intramural Sports.



JIRAIR STEPHEN HOVNANIAN

*Activities*

Scientific Society 5; Debating Society 5; EL IRAQI Staff 5; Varsity Track Team 4, 5; Intramural Sports.

JOHN ABDULLAH FARJO

*Activities*

Debating Society 5: Intramural Sports



JOSEPH JIBRAN MELCON

*Activities*

Sodality 3, 4, 5: Intramural Sports.

JOSEPH RAFFULI HANNA SHAIKH

*Activities*

Sodality 4, 5: Sanctuary Society 1, 2, 3, 4, 5: Intramural Sports.



LUAY IZZEDDIN SHARIF

*Activities*

Tennis Finals 4, 5: Intramural Sports.



MANUEL JOSEPH BATTAH

*Activities*

Sodality 5 ; Sacred Heart League 5 ; Scientific Society 5 ;  
Varsity Football Team 5 ; Boxing Team 5 ; Intramural Sports.



MASSIS ISAAC YETERIAN

*Activities*

Scientific Society 4, 5 ; Debating Society 4, President 5 ;  
EL IRAQI Staff 5 ; Varsity Track Team 4 ; Intramural Sports.



MAURICE LEON CORLANDI

*Activities*

Debating Society 4, 5 ; Varsity Basketball Team 3, 4, 5 ;  
Intramural Sports.



MAXIME JABBURI THOMAS

*Activities*

Sodality 3, 4, Master of Candidates 5 ; Sanctuary Society  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5 ; Debating Society 4, 5 ; Scientific Society 3, 4,  
President 5 ; Elocution Contest 4 ; Intramural Sports.

NAZAR HAZIM SHEMDIN

*Activities*

Debating Society 5; Photography Contest Winner 5;  
Intramural Sports.



NOEL JOHN MAGHAK

*Activities*

Debating Society 5; Library Staff; Intramural Sports.

NUBAR KRIKOR ASTARJIAN

*Activities*

Scientific Society 4, Executive Secretary 5; Debating  
Society 4, 5; Library Staff; Intramural Sports.



NURI AWAKIM ANTUN

*Activities*

Scientific Society 5; Debating Society 5; Intramural  
Sports.



NURI ANTUN ELIAS

*Activities*

Sacred Heart League 5; Intramural Sports.



PERCY CYRIL LYNSDALE

*Activities*

Sanctuary Society 2, 3, 4, 5; Varsity Football Team 2, 3, 4, Captain 5; Intramural Sports.



RAMZI YUSUF HERMES

*Activities*

Sodality 3, 4, Secretary 5; Scientific Society 4, 5; Debating Society 4, 5; EL IRAQI Staff 5; Dramatic Society 4, 5; Elocution Contest 3, 4, 5; Varsity Track Team 4, 5; Handball Championship 3, 4; Intramural Sports.



RAYMOND NAJIB SIAKURI

*Activities*

Library Staff, Intramural Sports.

RUIH MIKHAIL TESSY

*Activities*

Intramural Sports.



SAMI SERKIS BAKOSE

*Activities*

Sanctuary Society 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Varsity Track Team 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Intramural Sports.

SARGON IVAN RUSTAM

*Activities*

Scientific Society 1, 5; Debating Society 1, 5; Varsity Football Team 5; Intramural Sports.



SHAWKAT HANNA KILLU

*Activities*

Varsity Track Team 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Varsity Basketball Team 2, 3, 4, 5.



SIMON OHANNES OHANNESSIAN

*Activities*

Scientific Society 4, Recording Secretary 5; Debating Society 4, 5; Elocution Contest 2, 3; Dramatic Society 4; Intramural Sports.



VARKIS NASIF DARZI

*Activities*

Sodality 4, 5; Sanctuary Society 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Sacred Heart League 4, Secretary 5; Scientific Society 4, Treasurer 5; Debating Society 4, 5; Library Staff; Intramural Sports.



VIVIAN MUSA JULES

*Activities*

Library Staff; Intramural Sports.

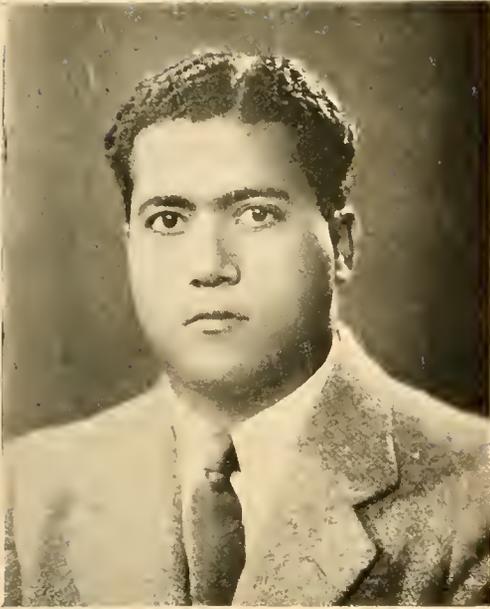


WILLIAM KAMIL GEORGE

*Activities*

Varsity Track Team 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Varsity Basketball Team 5; Intramural Sports.





YUSUF ISMAIL IBRAHIM

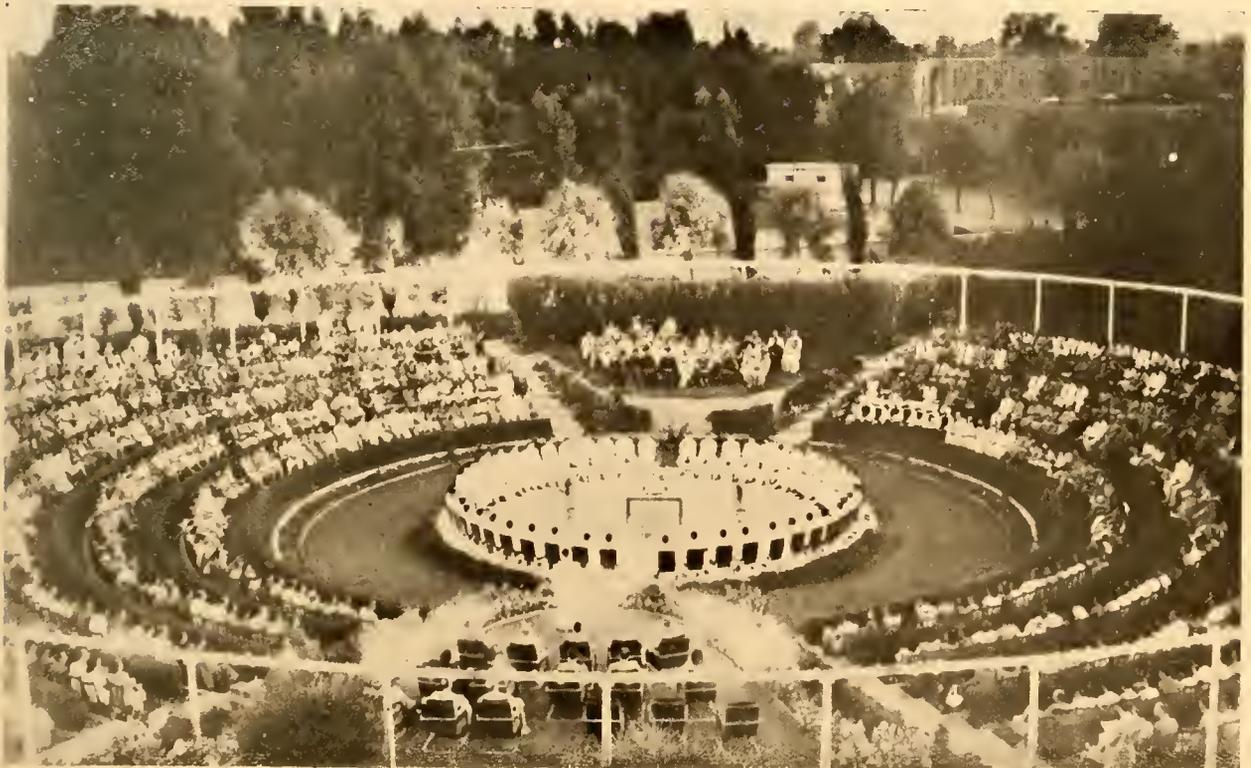
*Activities*

Varsity Football Team 3, 4, 5; Tennis  
Finals 4; Intramural Sports.

ZUHAIR GEORGE HIKARI

*Activities*

Dramatic Society 4; Debating Society 5;  
Library Staff; Intramural Sports.



Baghdad College Graduation





# UNDERGRADUATES



The Canteen

First Row, left to right: Frederick Sequeira, Claude Mikarbana, Sami Dawaf, Rev. Father Sullivan, S.J., Wasim al-Zahawi, Sami Andrea, Usama Nennis. Second Row: Samuel Rumaya, John Kennedy, George Halkias, Louis Daud, Percy Sequeira, Douglas Anwar, Vahé Melconian, Joseph Azzawi, Jibrail Rumaya. Third Row: Joseph Buraji, Najib Bahura, Harold Neal, Hagop Nazartian, Kanan Awni, Faruq Bazzui, Ramzi Jabiru.



# 4 B



First Row, left to right: Kamal Namu, Tahsin Jani, Albert Andreos. Second Row: Munir Ibrahim, Halk Bustanian, Mulu Hassua, Rev. Father Devenny, S.J., Edwin Namu, Sami Bushara, Barkev Hovseplan. Third Row: Sabah Sabri, Jacques Bazzni, Edward Atchu, Salim Tallia, Robert Ayar, Clement Maghak, Arman Nasir Hu, Nuzad Majid, Nasrat Tawfiq. Fourth Row: Abdul-Satar Bahrani, Garabet Kishmishlan, Sami Skender, Luay al-Qadhi, Ramzi Marrugi, Salim Saisi, Albert Abbu, Jule Abbosh.

First Row, left to right: Salim Aqrawi, Mikhael Antun. Second Row: Farid Qasir, Fadhil Arabu, Jacob Basmaji, Rev. Father Nash, S.J., Koris Abdulahad, Edward Sequeira, Fuad Nassuri. Third Row: Hartiym Tanialian, Dikran Gharibian, Clement Nassuri, Adnan Almaslan, Yusuf Nahn, Bruno Kiuru, Wadi Abbu, Tahir al-Najjar. Fourth Row: Mam Sbarif, Antwan Abbu, Sazai Wahbi, Nazar Baqir, Adnan Rajib, Joseph Victor, Bash Yusuf, Yerwant Julius, Patrick Roy.

# 4 C





3 A

First Row, left to right: Mustafa Majid, Sabih Rassam. Second Row: Popkin Hovseplan, Maruk Wahan, Fuad Audu, Rev. Father Sarjeant, S.J., Olvi Mangassarian, Usam al-Qadhi, Alfred Shina. Third Row: Nazih Antwan, Carlo Dramirian, Sabah Attisha, Mustafa Jaf, Salb Mirza, Talal al-Azzawi, Victor Sulaiman, Anwar Nasir, Albert Tawfiq, Edmond Bedrossian. Fourth Row: Usam al-Abaiji, Hartiyun Lajinian, Faiq Tawfiq, Basil al-Chaderchi, Ghanim Ziyya, Edmond Thweny, Nazar Juwaidah, Muwaffaq Sarafa, Joseph Rahmani.

First Row, left to right: Stanley de Souza, Farid al-Khuri. Second Row: Shlaimun Shamun, Afif Yusuf, Izzat Abbu, Rev. Father Mulvehill, S.J., Joseph Thomas, Basil al-Kubaisi, Mustafa Shanshil. Third Row: Alfred Najib, Nubar Bashtikian, Vartan Ohvaussian, Varkis Palanjian, Hrair Hovnanian, Munir Khayyat, Naji Haddad, Bahjat Killu, Anjad Tuma, Zuhair Sabih. Fourth Row: Edward Qasirat, Usam Talma, Yakub Tuma, Edward Butros, William Nabhan, Kachik Ateshian, Joseph Klishian, George Butros, Faruq al-Rashidi.



3 B

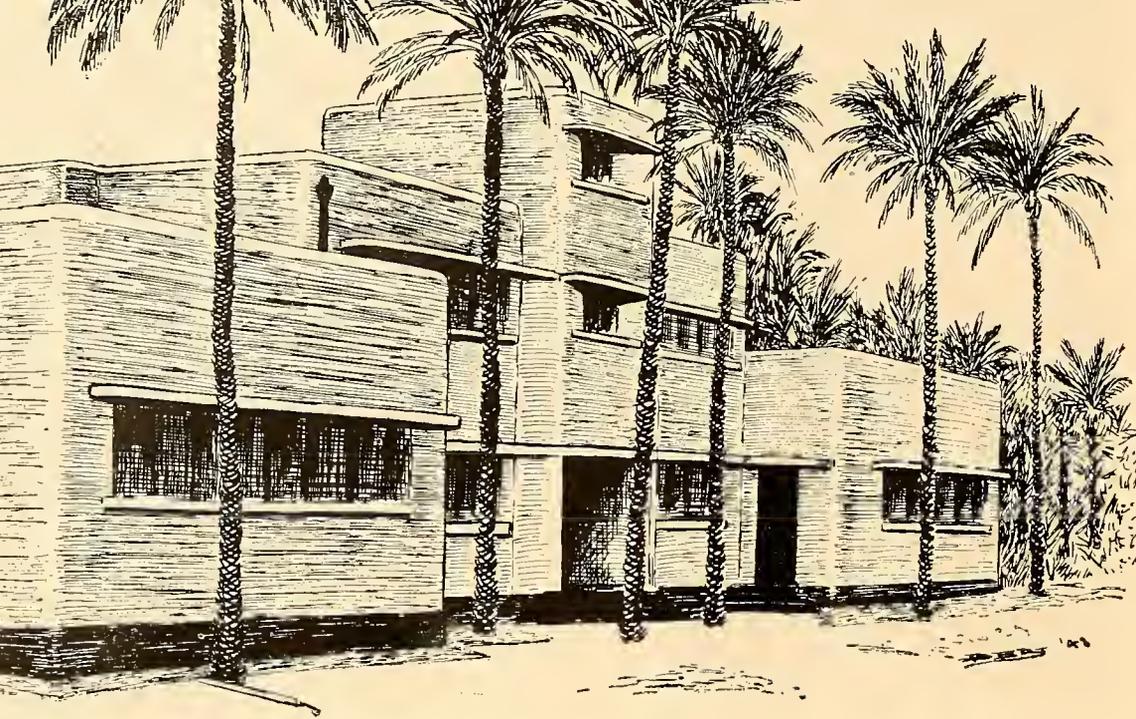
3 C



First Row, left to right: Joseph Antun, Albert Gogue. Second Row: Gilbert Azzu, Ghalib Shabihi, Antwan Boghossian, Rev. Father MacNeil, S. J., Saad al-Wutri, Fuad Amin, Armin Mirzian. Third Row: Raymond Hindi, Sabah al-Khuri, Munim Naman, Khaldun Lutfi, Hartiyun Daghillian, Auselm Burby, Cyril Maru, Nubar Bilarlan, Zuhair Qazanji. Fourth Row: Adil al-Shalji, Victor Haddad, Elias Tuma, Jack Dirdirian, Antwan Shtrnian, Mlsak Kutunian.

### ATHLETIC FIELD





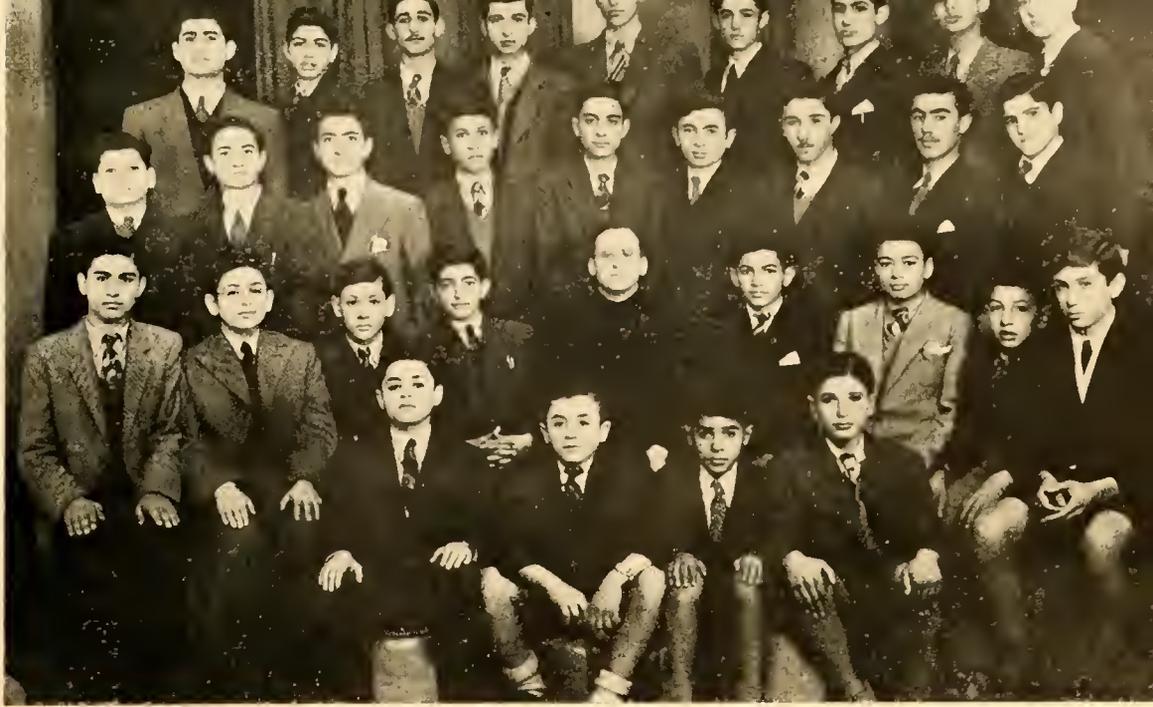
## FACULTY RESIDENCE

First Row, left to right: Wasim Hikari, Jawdat Haddad, Joseph Petro. Second Row: Carlo Toniatti, Joseph Abbu, Loris Tchobanian, Varkis Andunian, Rev. Father Miff, S. J., A-Mutalib Ashkuri, Yaqub Ishhaq, Hamid al-Naqib, Andrew Qashat. Third Row: Riadh al-Dabbas, Muwaffaq Fattah, Hraj Makardjian, George Daud, George Aziz, Emmanuel Tuminna, Kamal Tereza, Didar Shemdin, Waskin Mukhtarian, Zuhair Khudari. Fourth Row: Ghazi Sadiq, Popkin Zarzavijian, Faruq Faraj, Zamil al-Zahawi, Mahdi al-Abadi, Shamsi Marugil, Aram Samirjian, Mustafa Muhsin, Vrij Zakarian, Akram Antwan, Michel Basrawi.





# 2 B



First Row, left to right: George Sittu, Farid Yusuf, Adnan al-Sam-  
arai, Akram George. Second Row: Farid Gooli, Qais al-Juma, Walid  
Cotta, Khalid al-Musfi, Rev. Father Delaney, S.J., Malcom Roy, Naim  
Rumayyih, Hakhri Jamil, Sabah Zara. Third Row: Kamal Sallh, Felix  
Iskender, Krikor Balkian, Farid Faraj, Antwan Jaburian, Usam al-Uzri,  
Emile Najib, Nuri Salmu, Noel Azzawi. Fourth Row: Atallah Mirza,  
Ramzi Namu, Ghalib Bunni, Zuharab Minishian, Aram Movsessian,  
Hikmat Nasir, Fathallah Tuni, Farnq al-Hamawandi, Emile Khayyat.

First Row, left to right: Hamua Butros, Najib Abbu, Tawfiq George,  
Richard Zaubaga. Second Row: Qidar Shemdu, Badi Tuma, Yasin al-  
Kubaisi, Hisham al-Rawi, Rev. Father Mahan, S.J., Mahdi Muhammad,  
Rustam Ivan Rustam, Abdul-Malak al-Suhail, Khalid Khudari. Third  
Row: Albert Malconian, Apisughum Hagop, Edward Zarasian, Armin  
Sahakian, Iyad Ali Ghalib, Asad Mikhaï, Jalal Talh, Ohannes Shamilian,  
Akram Sittu, Fuad Killu, Vahak Sahakian. Fourth Row: Salim  
Elias, Zaid Hamandi, Hikmat Najib, Mahmud Uthman, Adib Kirdar,  
Talmur al-Amlu, Abdul-Rahman al-Sharif, Najad Sakman, Muir Bushara,  
Hagop Lajinian.

# 2 C





# I A

First Row, left to right: Petros John, Naji Said. Second Row: Warajan Artinian, Clarence Burby, Joseph Kuyumjian, Rev. Father Lynch, S.J., Maurice Shammash, Hazim al-Chalibi, Falq Buraji. Third Row: Sargon Murad, Fuad Talma, Henry Babasi, Mikhail Marukil, Andrea Peter, Noel Shamun, James Malak, Franz de Lima, Suhall Ibrahim. Fourth Row: Auis al-Attar, Henry Simon, John Korkis, Vikn Karayan, Alfred Salman, Vahak Hcvnauian, George Malak, Albert Dadlshu, Samuel Paulus.

First Row, left to right: Shawqi Mushaka, Faisal al-Khuri. Second Row: Charley Kassab, Tahsin al-Amin, Yusuf Shimshun, Rev. Father Kelly, S.J., Livon Jarakian, Ismail Muhammad, Hikmat al-Jazrawi, Ghassan Asiran. Third Row: Sabih Said, Nasir Namu, Khairi Tammu, Adnan al-Gailani, Ara Sahakian, Kamal Fattahi, Sami Azzu. Fourth Row: Faraj Rumani, Farid Jurjis, Hikmat Said, Abdul-Wahid Isa, Hablb al-Amir, Anushvan Klvorkian, Felix Joseph, Baruir Sarafian.



# I B

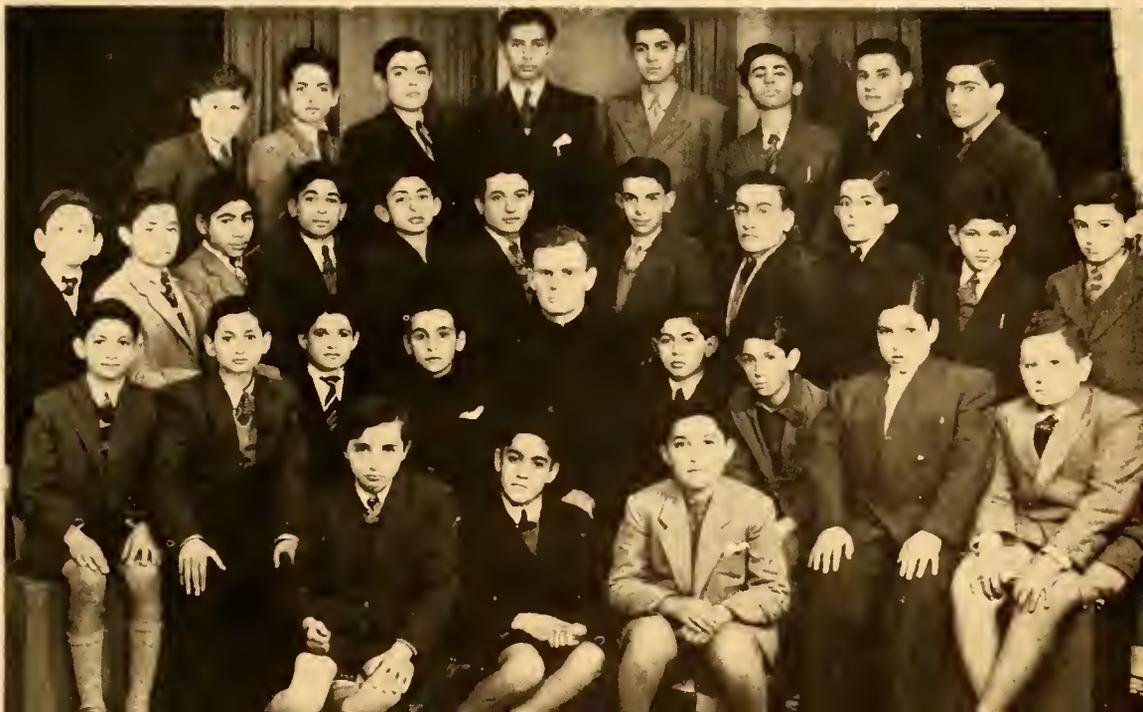
# I C



First Row, left to right: Librun Yuil, Garabet Gabriel, Khajak Marashalian. Second Row: Firas al-Manasir, Khalid Lawrence, Albert Phillp, Rev. Father Loeffler, S.J., Hikmat Talma, John Minas, Sablh Lawrence. Third Row: Jatal Hahbu, Joseph Azzu, Mahmud al-Adsani, Suhau al-Adhami, Murad Kazanjlan, Alexander Boghossian, Nazar Bazzni, Zakaria Kazloff, Hikaz Kasharian, Haqqi Zaru, Adil Ahmad. Fourth Row: Johnson Paulus, Surin Awadls, Victor Fuad, George Kamu, Hartlyun Pomaklan, Sallm al-Haldarl, Allenby Dadshu, Krikor Mamilkmlan, Munt-har Jihraii.

First Row, left to right: Janan Allos, Muqbil al-Zahawi, Salim Hassu. Second Row: Edwln Kurish, Muhammad al-Ani, Asad Tawfiq, Munthar Zera, Rev. Father J. Larkin, S.J., Fuad Bashu, Talib Babu-Ishaq, Himyar al-Rashid, Adil Marmarji. Third Row: Harlth Yunan, Muwaffaq al-Khudairi, Sami Yusuf, Kamil al-Kamil, Sarkis Gharibian, Hikmat Naum, Basil Mahmud, Khaehik Barsimian, Ikhlis Salman, Najat Ahmad, Saib Shunia. Fourth Row: Ghazi al-Churbachl, Mikhail Abdulahad, Sargo Melcontian, Abdul-Mahdi al-Shalan, Falih Fawzi, Fakhri Jamil, Yaqub Jurjis, Hikmat Tnma.

# I D





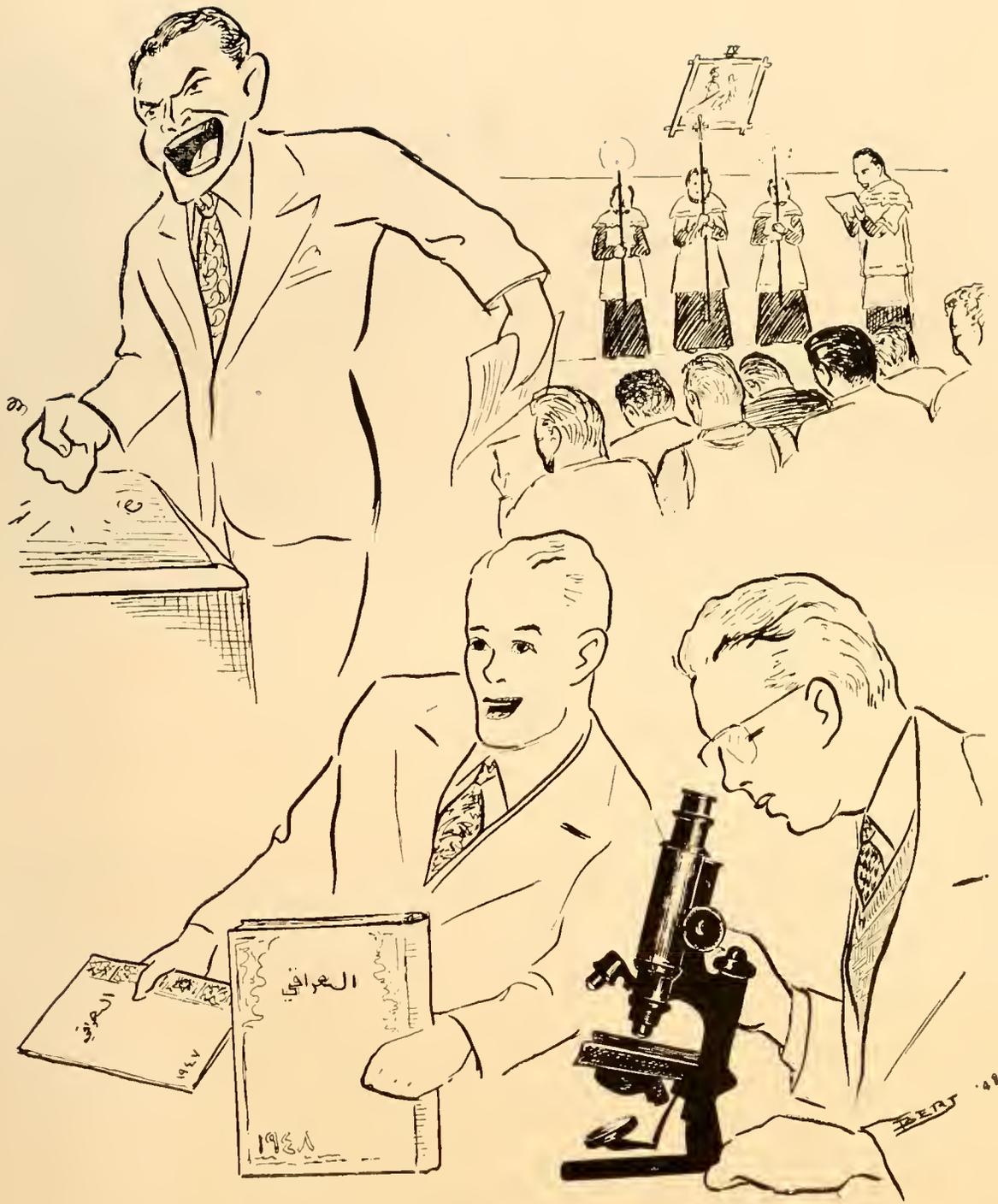
# I E

First Row, left to right: Edgar Aris, Anis Randquist, Krikor Shirinian, Marco Tonietti. Second Row: Joseph Zumbaqa, Kamal al-Tahan, Halim Atiyya, Harith Yusuf, Rev. Father Mahoney, S. J., Louis Yusuf, Faisal Rahmatallah, Ghazi Elias, Ghassan al-Rawi. Third Row: Muhammad Isa, Yusuf Juharji, Yusuf Saigh, Falq Attisha, Faiq Faraj, Khalid Tereza, Khalid Hindu, Thomas Shammama, 'Habih Qashat. Fourth Row: Hani Qallan, Samir Ziyya, Ghazi al-Qassab, Amin Sayyidna, Hufdhi al-Urfali, Subhi al-Rabiyyi, Badri Nalu, Fahad Abdul-Sada, Sami Yusuf.

First Row, left to right: Tariq Shamami, Sabih al-Shaikh Daud, Mudhaffar Habbosh. Second Row: Sabah Kuttu, Sargon Yonathan, Samir Matti, Zuhair Ahmad, Rev. Father Hussey, S. J., Fuad al-Wattar, Ramiz Jabburi, Hikmat Kafilmant, Yusuf Zukian. Third Row: Sabah al-Shaikh, Muhammad Shwailiyya, Mudhaffar Marmaji, Jamal Farjo, Krikor Baraglümian, Khalid Tuma, Nadhim Hassu, Sinan al-Rawi, Hana al-Rahim. Fourth Row: Qahtan al-Urfali, Zeraf Ibrahim, Elias Bashir, Hikmat Attisha, Luay al-Rawi, Fuad Shamun, Movsis Kidikian, Tami Krikorian, Edmund Naum.

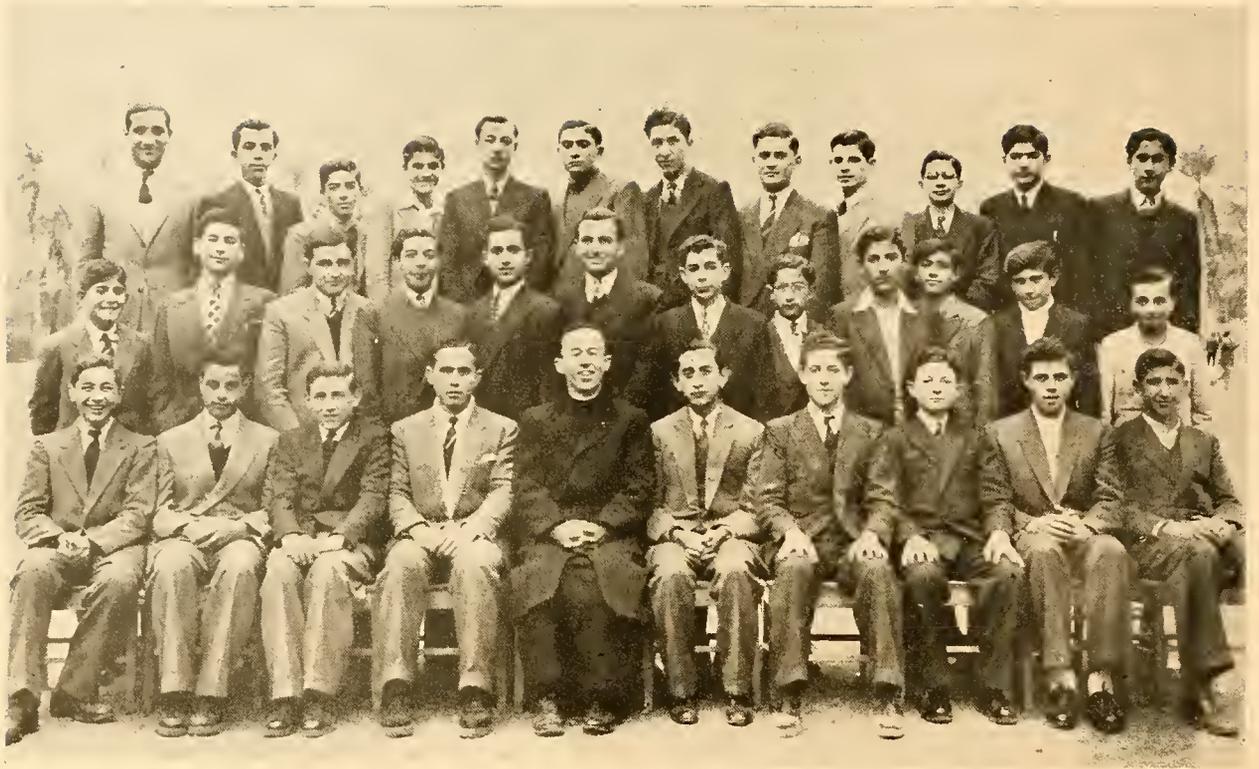


# I F



# ACTIVITIES

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## SACRED HEART LEAGUE

The Apostleship of Prayer, in League with the Sacred Heart, is a world-wide organization, and the members of the Baghdad College group have always played an active part in this devotion. The weekly meetings were held each Monday, and Father MacNeil, our Moderator, helped us to arrange a devotional program for each occasion. Several interesting talks on the Sacred Heart, the Twelve Promises, the Monthly Intention, and related subjects have been presented by our Moderator and by the members of the group. A part of

our regular program is the First Friday Mass celebrated each month in Saint Joseph's Church, to enable others in the school to have a share in this apostolic work. Among our relatives and friends nearly three hundred families have been consecrated to the Sacred Heart. Each member is a Promoter in the League and by his fidelity to the ideals of this devotion he endeavors to improve his own religious life and to influence others by his good example.

### OFFICERS

Moderator .....Rev. Sidney M. MacNeil, S.J.  
 President .....George Azzu  
 Vice-President .....Varkis Darzi

### SENIOR CLASS PROMOTERS

Faiq Audu	Akram Shasha
Nuri Elias	Manuel Battah

# SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

Under the direction of Father Guay, our Moderator, the Scientific Society met each Wednesday during the school year. Lectures were delivered by members of the science faculty and by students, and one meeting each month was devoted to the discussion of business affairs. Guest speakers on our program this year included Mr. Naji al-Asil, Mr. Sheet Namaan, Mr. Constantine Halkias, and Mr. Fadhil al-Tai. Our activities included the successful Weather Observation Station, the study and

mapping of sun spots, geological collections, and surveying. During the year the members of the Society enjoyed several holiday picnics, in which we combined recreation and our scientific studies. A small bulletin issued at regular intervals informed the student body of our work and progress. To Father Guay the members extend their heartfelt thanks for his direction and supervision of our scientific work, and for his friendly co-operation.

## OFFICERS

Moderator .....Rev. Leo J. Guay, S.J.  
President .....Maxime Thomas  
Vice-President .....Jacques Bazzui  
Treasurer .....Varkis Darzi  
Recording Secretary ....Simon Ohannessian  
Executive Secretary.....Nubar Astarjian





## SODALITY OF OUR LADY

The Sodality of Our Lady continues to be one of the most active organizations of our school. During our regular meetings on each Tuesday we recited the Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, studied the rules of the Sodality, and frequently heard an inspiring talk by our Moderator or one of the Sodalists. At Christmas and Easter we personally visited many poor people and gave them money and clothing which had been collected from the various classes during the year. The weekly Mission Collec-

tion, under our direction, was very successful this year and we were able to donate a substantial amount for mission work. Our outside activities included the Boy Saints Day academy in November at which many of the speakers were Sodalists, the monthly Sodality Mass at the different Churches in Baghdad, and the annual Baghdad College May Day. We extend our sincere thanks to Father Sarjeant, our Moderator, for his inspiring direction and generous assistance in all our Sodality work.

### OFFICERS

Moderator .....	Rev. Francis B. Sarjeant, S.J.
President .....	Jamal Bushara
Secretary .....	Ramzi Hermes
Treasurer .....	Jacques Bazzui
Instructor of Candidates ..	Maxime Thomas
Athletic Representative ..	Adolf Faraj





Sanctuary Society



The Chapel



May Shine

# THE BOARDING SCHOOL

Our boarding section is now ten years old. Like all youngsters of ten, it clamors constantly for attention which, happily, the Fathers bestow on it with devoted labors from early morning until far into the night.

The boarding section is the boarding students' home. Indeed, two hundred and one boys have cherished it as their home since the September evening in 1938, when Father Shea, the first director, welcomed the first group of twenty-three boarders to the old Baghdad College building on the banks of the Tigris. In the fall of 1939, the boarders moved to the new residence which had been built to house both Fathers and boarders. The following year, Father Armitage succeeded Father Shea as director. Then, in 1941, Father Mahan was appointed to the position which he has since retained except for the year that Father McCarthy replaced him in order that he might enjoy a well-merited vacation.

Boarding applicants increased rapidly, the original group of twenty-three growing to a peak enrolment of seventy in 1944. Our boarding facilities, unfortunately, were never able to keep pace with the expanding enrolment with the result that many applicants could not be accepted. An attempt to solve the problem was made in 1942 when the boarders were divided into junior and senior sections with a nearby residence leased for the accommodation of the senior boarders under the successive managements of Father Sheehan, Father Sullivan, and Father MacNeil. The seniors profited from this arrangement by finding a freedom and fellowship which could not be enjoyed when they shared the residence of the younger boarders. The senior boarders rejoiced to exchange dormitory life for more commodious living in the semi-private rooms of their new dwelling. Despite the division into junior and senior sections and the lease of a new residence, the problem of providing place for all applicants was never solved; the boarding section still suffers from growing pains.

It is the boarding section which makes Baghdad College so thoroughly an Iraqi school for Iraqi boys. The day boys imprint an indelible Iraqi character on Baghdad College, but, in the very nature of things, they breathe into the school the spirit of Iraq as it belongs to Baghdad whence the day boys come. The boarding students of Baghdad College reflect the very soul of Iraq. Boarders gather from all corners of the land, from Mosul, Faish-Khabur and Basra, Muhawil and Kirkuk, from the desert reaches beyond Hai and Diwanaya to the rugged mountain slopes of Sulaimaniya and Halebja. Sons of sheikhs and doctors, of merchants and carpenters, they live together for five years the common life which is the lot of a boarding student. They contribute their regional virtues to the school, and with gain to their character they learn to suppress their differences in order to pursue their countless common interests and to live harmoniously as one family with understanding and esteem of their comrades. Joys and sorrows are shared alike. Companionship ripens into fast friendships that endure through life. They even find a more broadening influence in contacts with fellow-boarders who in the course of ten years have come to the boarding section from Egypt, Transjordan, Palestine, Syria, Kuwait, and Iran.

The boarder's life is set to an order that tends to develop the powers of his body, mind, and will. For the Christian boarder, the day begins with Mass, and for all there are regular periods of study that are supervised by the Jesuit Fathers. During the times of recreation, all sports are supervised by the Fathers, and ample playing-fields are available for getting invigorating exercise. There is always zest for spur-of-the-moment games from table-tennis to tawli. Boarders will never easily forget the Saturday night soirees with their wonderful varieties of parlor games and prizes for the winners. Great stress is placed on the use of leisure time. Fathers are always present to encourage the boarders to employ their leisure time profitably by taking an active interest in dramatics, debating, drawing, photography, music, sodality, scientific society, the school library. Certainly, one of the most satisfying thoughts for parents is the intimate concern of the Fathers for the welfare of their boys.



Boarding Students



Study



Recreation



## CHRYSOSTOM DEBATING SOCIETY

Although membership in the Debating Society is restricted to students in Fourth and Fifth Years, yet it is the largest group in our school. This year we welcomed our new Moderator, Father Devenny, and the splendid success of our activities is due largely to his guidance and instruction. Bi-weekly debates were held in the Library Reading Room and were attended by many of the students and faculty members. A variety of interesting and appropriate topics, chosen from our school life and subjects of general

interest, were debated in both English and Arabic. They were warmly contested and it was always the conclusion of the audience that excellent speakers are developing at our school. Our organization aims to develop our natural speaking powers, to train the members in logical argumentation, and at the same time to broaden our outlook on all questions of a debatable nature. The enthusiasm of the students of Baghdad College for this activity augurs well for the continued success of the Debating Society.

### OFFICERS

Moderator . . . . .	Rev. John A. Devenny, S.J.
President . . . . .	Massis Yeterian
Vice-President . . . . .	Aladdin Bahrani
Secretary . . . . .	Edmond Silveira
Sergeant at Arms . . . . .	Salim Saisi

# EL IRAQI STAFF

The EL IRAQI staff spent considerable time during the school year to prepare our annual yearbook. The Associate Editors and Art Editors have worked faithfully with Father Mulvehill to gather the pictures and written material for the book, while the Business Editors, under the direction of Father Kelly, have given generously of their time to obtain advertisements from our many friends. To those business men and professional men of Iraq who assisted us by their advertisements

we offer our sincere thanks. We are grateful also to the Patrons of our book; to the Administrators and Faculty members of Baghdad College for their encouragement and advice; to Mr. Bechir Khudhary, who supervised the Arabic section; to Father James Larkin, who photographed many of the groups appearing in the book; and to the students of Baghdad College, who showed their interest in our work by their participation in the EL IRAQI Literary Contest.

## STAFF MEMBERS

### Faculty Moderators

Rev. Thomas B. Mulvehill, S. J.

Rev. Thomas J. Kelly, S. J.

### *Associate Editors*

Jamal Bushara  
Aladdin Bahrani  
Ramzi Hermes  
Massis Yeterian  
Munir Ibrahim

### *Business Managers*

Jirair Hovnanian  
Faruq Fattah  
Akram Shasha  
Sami Skender

### *Art Editors*

Berj Tchobanian  
Carl Conway  
Patrick Roy



# The Library





# ATHLETICS



# Varsity





# SPORTS IN REVIEW

## BASKETBALL

Two teams carried the colors of Gold and Maroon on the basketball courts of Baghdad this season. For the first time in our short history, Baghdad College was represented by a Junior Varsity as well as by a Varsity quintet. The former was composed of boys in the intermediate section of the school, while the latter was made up of students in the preparatory section. Such was the division stipulated by the regulations issued for the Government Tournaments.

After some weeks of intensive practice under the direction of Fr. Sullivan, the Varsity appeared for its first game, decked out in their new uniforms, with the attractive *Kaf Ba* insignia to replace the gold *B.C.* of former years. Our opponents were the Young Men's Moslem Association, and they furnished stiff opposition for our first encounter. One basket prevented us from starting the season with a victory, the final score being 32-33. Next came the game with the Royal Military College, a powerful team which boasted a dazzling collection of former Secondary School stars. Our forwards, Maurice and Paul, were dropping the ball through the net from all angles, and the lead moved back and forth throughout a very fast game. Our drive to victory, however, was cut short by the final whistle, and we lost by a 64-66 score.

Our first triumph was gained at the expense of Adhamiya School in a game which saw some sparkling play by our entire team. After spotting our opponents an 11 point lead, we put on the pressure till we drew up even with them and then spurred ahead. Once out in front, we never relinquished the lead, and the game ended 35-26 in our favor. An easy win over Technical School brought us to the Markaziya game in the Government Tournament. Our team couldn't seem to

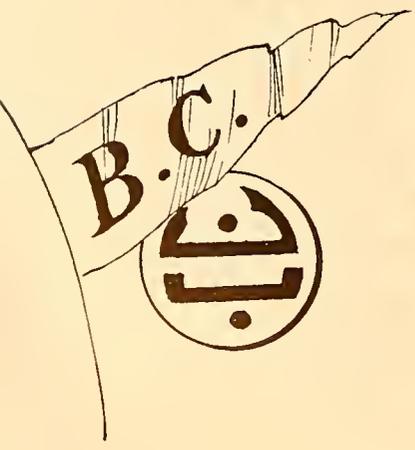
get started in this contest, and none of our players was up to his usual form. It was definitely an off-day for B.C., and we lost 33-44.

The team speedily recovered, however, and proceeded to win the next three. The King's Guard fell 26-19; Tuffayadh lost 45-27; and Adhamiya was defeated a second time, 47-30. After a vacation lay-off we met Karkh on the Markaziya court, and at half-time it was still anybody's game. The B.C. team struggled valiantly but the breaks were not coming our way, and we suffered defeat to the tune of 23-33.

Disappointed but not overwhelmed, the team bounced back to win two more victories. The first of these was over the team of the Royal Sporting Club, 46-45, and the other was a second win over the King's Guard, 65-41. At the present writing, with future games yet to be played, the Varsity's record stands at 7 victories out of 11 starts.

It was the squad as a whole, rather than any individual player, that brought these victories to B.C. Teamwork was what Fr. Sullivan insisted on, and the players strove to perfect themselves in this as the season wore on. Some mention, however, must be made of the individuals whose efforts enabled the team to function smoothly as a unit. The spectacular shooting of Maurice and Paul, and their clever ball-handling was a joy to watch. Maurice was a constant threat on distance shots, and Paul's speed and shiftiness baffled more than one opposing guard. Kanan contributed his share of points in bagging rebounds, and yet it was on defence that he particularly shone. Although a newcomer to the squad, he improved rapidly as game followed game. He would shift to center when Maurice moved up to the forward position, but when he dropped back to guard, he was our defensive tower of strength. Shawkat and Albert

# SCHOOL CHAMPIONS



worked well together as guards and broke up many of the opposition's scoring plays. Of the substitutes, Carl played brilliantly at forward and was usually deadly under the basket ; Joseph speeded up plays from the center position; and while Antwan, Hagop, and Clement did not see a great deal of action during the season, they were always ready to fill the gap when needed.

The present Varsity has already established itself as a worthy successor of the great B.C. basketball teams of the past. When the season ends it will bring to a close the Baghdad College careers of Maurice, Shawkat, and Antwan. We take this opportunity to congratulate them on the excellence of their cooperative spirit and their sportsmanlike conduct on the court will remain behind them as a happy memory and as an inspiration to future wearers of the Gold and Maroon.

In considering the record of the Junior Varsity, it should be remembered that the players who won places on this squad had never played together before as a team. The experience they gained this year in their introduction to outside competition is an invaluable asset, which should bear fruit in the years ahead. In their first encounter, which was a Government Tournament game, the Junior Varsity lost the contest. However, in the bracket of defeated teams, they made up in ability and in enthusiasm for what they lacked in experience, and won overwhelming victories in games with Adhamiya, King Feisal, and Sharkiya. Then came the Rusafa game which was lost by the surprisingly low score of 17-18, by the same B.C. team that had been collecting 50 to 60 points in the previous three encounters. Our scoring combination of Yaqub, Edmond, and Mahdi worked together as a unit and scored often.

To the above three players and to the regular guards, William and Edward, as well as to the substitutes Faiq, Edward Qasirat, Munim, and Zuharab, full credit must be given for the gallant efforts they made to carry the Gold and Maroon to victory. Their gentlemanly conduct on the court and their unconquerable spirit brought honor to their Alma Mater and set a tradition for future Junior Varsity teams to follow.

Intramural basketball has provided plenty of thrills and excitement during the noon recreation periods. A special league was inaugurated this year for First High, and the experiment has proved a tremendous success. Keen rivalry developed between the six First High classes, and the brick court was the scene of many a hard-fought battle. Already a number of potential stars have appeared from these games and the members of the Varsity who generously undertook the burden of refereeing are confident that there is an abundance of material to provide powerful B.C. teams in the years to come. The class of 1 B won the first round, and at the present writing the classes of 1 E and 1 F, coached by Fathers Mahoney and Hussey respectively, are tied for first honors at the end of the second round. After a playoff between these two classes, the winner will meet 1 B to determine the First High champions.

The games of the « major » league were played on the big court. Here, too, there was great rivalry and enthusiasm, and the skies of Sulaikh were pierced each noon by the shouts and cheers of the eager followers of the various teams. Many a victory was won by the slender margin of a single point, and some games were not decided till the closing seconds of play. The team of 4 A won the first round, but were hard pressed by both 5 B and the Third Year team. A decided improvement is evident in the games of the second round, and interest in the outcome of each game is at a high pitch. Once again 4 A is out in front, but the players of this team know that they will have all they can do to come out on top. Each quintet is battling might and main to win the attractive medals which are offered as symbols of the Baghdad College championship in basketball. With such close competition, great games are bound to result, and we offer now sincere congratulations to the ultimate winner.

#### T R A C K

The day was March 18, 1948. The place ? Scouts' Field, Baghdad. The occasion ? The annual Intramural Track Meet of Baghdad College. In

the presence of the faculty, student body, parents and relatives, and Government Athletic Officials, the track stars of the school put on an exhibition worthy of their predecessors. For more than a month the boys had been preparing under the guidance of Father MacNeil and all were in the best of trim for the meet.

The first event began at nine o'clock and from that moment until the last race there were thrills galore and the applause of the fans was heard time and again as the boys went through their paces. Competition was much stiffer than in previous years and one of the surprises of the day was the showing made by First High. This class, the largest ever to enter Baghdad College, showed great possibilities and the boys in the upper classes are already worried by these new athletes.

Assisting Fr. MacNeil in officiating were Frs. Sullivan, Mahan, Hussey, Loeffler, Kelly, Mahoney, Nash, Gerry, and Banks. Edward Tumina, a Baghdad College graduate, generously donated his services and took charge of the shot-put, javelin, and discus events. As the meet drew to a close the boys gathered around for the presentation of medals by Father Connell. Not every boy could gain a medal but they all deserved the highest praise for the fine show they put on. The coveted Baghdad College Cup went to Third Year and will remain in their possession until the next annual meet. Percy Lynsdale of Fifth High established the only new school record. Taking the high jump at 5 feet, 6 1/2 inches he set a new mark for the future track men of B.C. to emulate.

All in all it was an enjoyable day and the boys as well as the spectators were in a happy mood. It is impossible to enumerate all who shone in the meet so we shall have to be content to name the event and the winner. It goes without saying that many of these events were close and more than one was a photo finish. The Gold and Maroon looks forward to the government Track Meet and hopes to retain the cup which was won by our athletes last year. Following is the program and winners in our Intramural Track Meet :

<i>Events</i>	<i>Class</i>	<i>Winner</i>
Low Hurdles	A	Patrick Roy
	B	Bruno Kiuru
	C	Elias Bashir
50 Meters	D	Hikmat Naum
	A	Edmond Thweny
100 Meters	B	Munir Ibrahim
	C	Jalal Tallu
	D	Hikmat Naum
200 Meters	A	Munim Naman
	B	Fuad Nassuri
	C	Jalal Tallu
400 Meters	A	Munim Naman
	B	Fuad Nassuri
800 Meters		Ramzi Hermes
		Sabah al-Khuri
1500 Meters	A	Faiq Saigh
	B	Hikmat Nasir
	C	Elias Bashir
	D	Hikmat Naum
Broad Jump	A	Percy Lynsdale
	B	Carl Conway
	C	Elias Bashir
	D	Malcolm Roy
High Jump		George Azzu
		Jack Dirdirian
Pole Vault		Salim Saisi
		George Azzu
Discus		George Azzu
		Third High
Shot Put		
Javelin		
Relay		

*High Scorers*

Class A	George Azzu	26
Class B	Fuad Nassuri	14
Class C	Elias Bashir	13
Class D	Hikmat Naum	9
<b>Total :</b>	<b>Third High</b>	<b>106.5</b>
	<b>Fifth High</b>	<b>94.5</b>
	<b>Fourth High</b>	<b>81.0</b>
	<b>Second High</b>	<b>63.0</b>
	<b>First High</b>	<b>46.0</b>



## BASEBALL

With such an exciting, thrill-packed baseball season as the 1947-48 one to look at in retrospect, selecting the thrill of thrills, and singling out shining stars is not easy. Three major baseball events characterized the season: the Intra-Class League and Medal Series, the First Year League, and the Faculty vs. Students Game.

### INTRA-CLASS LEAGUE

Early in October the call for candidates for the class teams was sounded. Practice sessions in available portions of the vast athletic field took place that first week under the organising eyes of the appointed co-captains and of the Faculty Moderators and Coaches, Fr. Nash and Fr. Mahoney



Percy Lynsdale and Jirair Hovnanian, after looking over their material, predicted, « Victory for Fifth! ». Vahé Melconian and Adnan Rajib viewed their veteran team, and, when queried about medals, slyly alluded to 'last years winner's' and smugly smiled, « 4th Year ». In 3rd Year, Amjad Tuma and Faiq Saigh did not go out on a predicting-limb, but they were ever hopeful and worked hard with the boys of Third. « This is the year for Second », boldly asserted Mahdi al-Abadi and Najib Abbu, injecting a spirit of confidence into their charges. « We are to be reckoned with, » was the baseball war-cry voiced by the First Year players led by Ara Sahakian and Rafiq Qazzaz.

The first round got off to a fast start on October 13th. Fifth and Fourth inaugurated the season in a game packed with thrills. It was a pitchers-

battle between Maxime Thomas and Bruno Kiuru. It was a sluggers duel between Vahé and Percy. It was a fielding-fray between both teams. It was all this and more, until the ringing of the assembly bell decided the game in favor of Fourth.

4th Year remained undefeated throughout the first round, and the smiles of satisfaction grew wider. 5th Year, with but one defeat, was runner-up to 4th. Second proved stronger than Third where the spirit ran high. 1st Year now claimed, « We are to be reckoned with in the second round ».

Noon after noon the student body strained the ropes that held them back from excitedly entering the play themselves. The Fathers would leave their lunch table to hurry over to the baseball field, allowing themselves plenty of time to watch and cheer the closing minutes of play. The ringing of the school bell at 1:20 brought a cheer and a flush of victory to one side; and a defeat, but a determination « to win next time » to the other side.

In the second round that took the greater part of November to play, 5th Year was never headed. The competition was keener than ever. The improved playing of 5th's Joseph Raffuli, Jirair Hovnanian, Nazar Shemdin, and the return of Adolf Faraj to the lineup gave them the balance of power. Third, sparked by Victor Sulaiman, and Second, behind



their pitching aces Hikmat Najib and Fatallah Tuni, battled it out for 3rd place. Vahé spurred on Kanan, and Alex, and Hagop, and Garabet, and Yusuf, and Patrick, to stem the rising 5th tide, but in vain.

When the final bell had rung, and the whack-

of-ball-on-bat was heard no more, 5th Year emerged triumphant in the second round to win the right to meet 4th Year, (the first round winners), in the three-day play-off Medal Series.

#### FIRST MEDAL SERIES IN BAGHDAD COLLEGE BASEBALL HISTORY

« Play-ball ! » shouted Umpire Father Mahoney at Friday noon, November 28th. The 5th-4th Medal clash was on in real earnest. The thrills of this series



are unforgettable. Vahé's magnificent, almost circus catches, his long range hitting and placing prowess, easily won him the most valuable player award. Kanan and Hagop played smoothly around the key-stone sack. Bruno pitched well, but 5th Year was aroused and not to be denied.

From the opening cry of « Play-ball ! » it was evident that 5th Year had the ability and will to win. Frs. Gerry and Banks, sponsoring their 5th High Boys, had spurred them on to feats before unknown to them, and had organised a cheering section that brought a tidal wave of human voices breaking out on almost every pitch. As a result Fifth gloriously won the first series game.

Now there no longer was a smug smile of satisfaction on the faces of the boys of 4th. There was a grim determination for closer cooperation to grind out a victory in the second series game. With Fr. Delaney rendering the decisions, mighty 4th rose to the occasion and tied the series at one-game-each.

Under a sky of bright eastern blue, on a recently-rolled diamond, bordered by gently swaying date-

palms, while the students cheered lustily from behind the ropes protecting the long white base-lines, the Medal-deciding series game started promptly at noon on December 1st. Fr. Mahoney again was the arbiter behind the plate and around the bases. It was nip and tuck. Roar followed roar from the rooters of Fourth along the first-base-line, and from the supporters of Fifth down the third-base-line. Vahé and Co. were at full strength. Percy and Max were beside themselves with enthusiasm. This high tensioned excitement dynamoed from the players electrified the cheering crowds.

Fifth tallied three times in the first inning, but found themselves hard pressed from then on. Vahe's prodigious homerun, with one man on, put Fourth in the running. But it was Fifth's day ! They successfully repulsed every bid of Fourth to score and went on to collect two more runs for themselves, thus winning this final series game, taking the series-two games out of three, and gaining the coveted baseball medals for the 1947-48 baseball year.



#### FATHERS VS. STUDENTS

The Faculty vs. Students Game is fast becoming a tradition at Baghdad College. Although this year it was played on the last Thursday of October, indications are that Thanksgiving Day, that day of traditional sports rivalry, will see this classic played in the future.

Mindful of their 9-2 defeat of last year, the first set-back suffered in a score of games with the boys, the Fathers broke away to a never challenged 4 run

lead in the very first inning of play. Fr. Quinn singled sharply to right field. Fr. Loeffler flied out. Then big Fr. Larkin came to the plate with his big bat. Wham ! The ball whizzed over the outfielder's head, and Fr. completed his turn around all the bases amidst the thundering cheers of the surging students and the congratulations of the happy brethren. With two gone Fr. Mudir hit safely, setting the stage for Fr. Banks. Almost as soon as the ball left Bruno's hand it was sailing well out of the leftfielder's reach, and when he finally caught up with it the score stood 4-0 in favor of the Fathers.

Not until the second inning did the boys pull themselves together. Vahé hit a tremendous triple. Mahdi reached on an error. Max singled bringing Vahé home. Mahdi scored. But there the rally ended, not to come to life again until the sixth inning.

Meanwhile, behind Fr. Loeffler's steady pitching and the consistent hitting of the Fathers, the Faculty had garnered eight runs. Two of these were gained in the third, when after Fr. J. Larkin's safety, Fr. Mudir lashed out a homerun that helped along the hoarse throats of the students and the mounting score of the Fathers.

Each time the boys attempted to rally, the fine fielding of Frs. Nash, Delaney, Sullivan, and Gerry promptly blotted out each uprising. Fr. Kelly's accurate throws cut off two enemy runs. In the sixth, Vahé, who had been hitting to rightfield, came to bat. His combination of baseball head and heart is hard to surpass. This time he quickly changed his stance and hammered one high over Fr. Gerry's head in leftfield. This was the third and final tally of the boys for the day.

Fr. Gerry was to return the homerun compliment to Vahé. In the final frame, after Bruno's blazing arm had pitched to many hostile hitters, and after the crowd of gay students had cheered lustily at plays packed with pulse throbs, Fr. Gerry, like «mighty Casey», strode to the plate. The game was in its final gasp. Bruno raised his arm and pitched. The school bell rang for the end of the game. Fr. Gerry swung and the crack of bat-meeting-ball sounded like an explosion of nitro-glycerine.

Vahé wheeled about, then vainly waved at it as the ball zinged over his head to dart across the basketball court and into the palm trees. This was a fitting ending for the Fathers' victory in our Thanksgiving Day Classic.

## BOXING

Boxing at Baghdad College came of age this year and became one of the most popular pastimes of the school athletes. In the beginning of the year informal bouts were held from time to time on the platform at the East entrance to the main building. Under the tutelage of Father James Larkin more serious contests were staged and preparations for



the Government Tournament got under way. The rat-tat-tat of the light and the thud of the heavy punching bags could frequently be heard coming from behind the handball courts, as aspirants for a place on the team worked hard at perfecting themselves in the «manly art».

It was no easy task for Father Larkin to choose a team, since there were so many outstanding boxers of the same weight. The team which finally emerged consisted of Frank Thomas, George Azzu, Carlo Dramirian, Manuel Battah, Patrick Roy, Edmond Silveira and Sargon Rustam. The Government Tournament held at the Royal Iraq Sporting Club witnessed the boys of the Gold and Maroon bringing credit and glory to their school. Though all of our boxers were performing for the first time in public, and in many cases were matched



with seasoned campaigners, yet they conducted themselves with remarkable poise and skill.

The boys of the school have showed great interest in this sport during the past year. There were many on hand to watch the practice bouts at the school and many gave their support to the team during the Tournament. Graduation will take some of our best athletes but we look forward to next year when some of the younger boys will have a little more weight. Father Larkin already has plans for the coming year and expects to add more trophies to the long list of Baghdad College victories. May the sport continue its growth at our school !

### TENNIS

It was early December, 1947. The tennis championships at Baghdad College had just finished. Two weeks later we noticed that Jake Cramer and Ted Shroeder had left the amateur ranks and were playing their first professional tennis match. Perhaps it was only coincidence, but the evidence seems to indicate that they heard about our local brand of tennis and decided that the present was as good a time as any for slipping silently into the night with all their amateur crowns.

Even granting that Cramer and Shroeder never heard of us, there was still considerable stir in these parts at the spectacle of the triple championships that were played simultaneously on adjacent courts, (second high, please note that adjective !) The major complaint was that there was too much tennis, something along the line of Barnum's three-ring circus. One did not know what exactly to watch. And yet, 470 tennis-wild enthusiasts hung on the wire fence to witness the greatest tennis show on earth - and this despite the repeated warnings of Father Kelly that the purpose of the fence was merely to stop balls and not to support the growing younger generation. About a quarter of this crowd had already been participants in the tournament and were all eyes. They saw plenty.

In the Junior Championships, Ara Sahakian and Sarkis Gharibian put on a splendid show of drives and lobs to down Albert Philip and Abdul-

Mutalib Ashkuri, 6-2, 6-0. The smaller boys watched this match with the greatest interest and this was the keynote of the whole tournament. Frequently they had to be warned to "take it easy"; after all it was only a tennis match. The placements of Ara and his speed on the court dominated the play, but the names of all four will constantly appear in the tennis column.

The winners of the Intermediate section, being a few years older, had a little more color and a little more ability on the courts. The battle was not decided until a well-placed smash hit the middle of the court and harmlessly bounced off the wire fence. Mahdi al-Abadi and Faruq-al-Hamawandi had to use all their tennis knowledge and experience to overcome the fight and determination of Zuhair Sabih and Hiraïr Hovnanian. The score, 6-3, 1-6, 6-4 roughly indicates the amount of ball-beltng that took place. It was a good match and had enough thrills for any spectator anywhere.

The Senior Finals was a walk-away. Garabet Kishmishian and Dikran Gharibian simply melted away before the blaze of speed and power they encountered at the racquets of Vahé Melconian and Antwan Boghossian. The victors were everywhere at once, their drives were just inside the lines, their first service was constantly good, even their errors were spectacular. It was just one of those days when Vahé and Antwan could not be beaten. The score of 6-1, 6-0 shows precisely what happened. Naturally the majority of the crowd were on hand for this match as it was the highest type of tennis that the college had to offer. They came to see the champs and they saw them at their best. This is the second year running that Vahé has won the Senior finalist tennis medal. His work on the courts has been consistently splendid.

A few days later Father Kelly and Father Connell presented the medals to the six winners and praised the merits of all the players; Fr. Kelly spoke of their ability to win modestly and their sportsmanship. And though he voiced no threat to the world's tennis champs at that time, we are still under the impression that they heard about this tournament and preferred to get out while the getting was good.

## FOOTBALL

In a very busy year of sports football had its share of attention. Early in the school year we were invited to enter two teams in the Government Tournaments, one from the secondary division and one from the intermediate. Even though this arrangement weakened our secondary team somewhat we were glad to give more boys an opportunity to play in inter-school competition. We are grateful for the practice games which former students and friends arranged with us at the beginning of the year.

Our first Government Tournament game for the Secondary team was against the Sharqiya School, a game that we won easily with a score of 3-1. Our boys were evidently inspired by their new football jerseys with the Arabic insignia. We took another step forward in the tournament when the Commercial School did not enter a team against us. Then we met the strong Teachers' Training School team. They thought they had us beaten as they led 2-0 in the last fifteen minutes when suddenly our boys blasted through two goals to force the game into an overtime period. The Teachers had more stamina, however, and put through another score. This dropped us down to the second bracket where we met the Technical School. It was a hard game that ended in a deadlock and we chose to play another game rather than risk our luck in an overtime period. The play-off came after the Christmas vacation during which our team must have become soft for we weakened in the second half and lost 4-1. Our consolation lies in the fact that the Technical School which needed two games to beat us went on to win the championship of Baghdad. The Intermediate team has a less brilliant record even though they went down fighting. We lost a slow game to Sharqiya in the lower bracket and were eliminated from the tournament. However, the team gained some valuable practice in tournament play and we look forward to next year.

The graduating members of the Secondary team deserve special mention because their clean,

hard play brought honor to B.C. and made our team a team to be feared. There was George Azzu who played as a back this year with a steadiness and coolness that broke up many an attack. Hagop Nazarian brought to the team that same determination that he has shown in studies and that with his fearless courage made him a hard man to get a ball past. Manuel Bettah played a wonderful game in the goal. Even our opponents were forced to admit that he rates among the best goalies in the school teams of Baghdad. Percy Lynsdale finishes a career of fine work. Wise opponents did not let him free, if they could help it, for they had him marked as our high scorer and key man on the attack. Sargon Rustam was new to the team this year but played a hard game on the wing. Opposite him played Yusuf Ismail who showed no less good humor than did Sargon in the difficult position he had to uphold. We were often amazed at Yusuf's ability to get around. These six heroes take their place in the Hall of Fame of Baghdad College. Sports enthusiasts of B.C. wish they did not have to leave us.

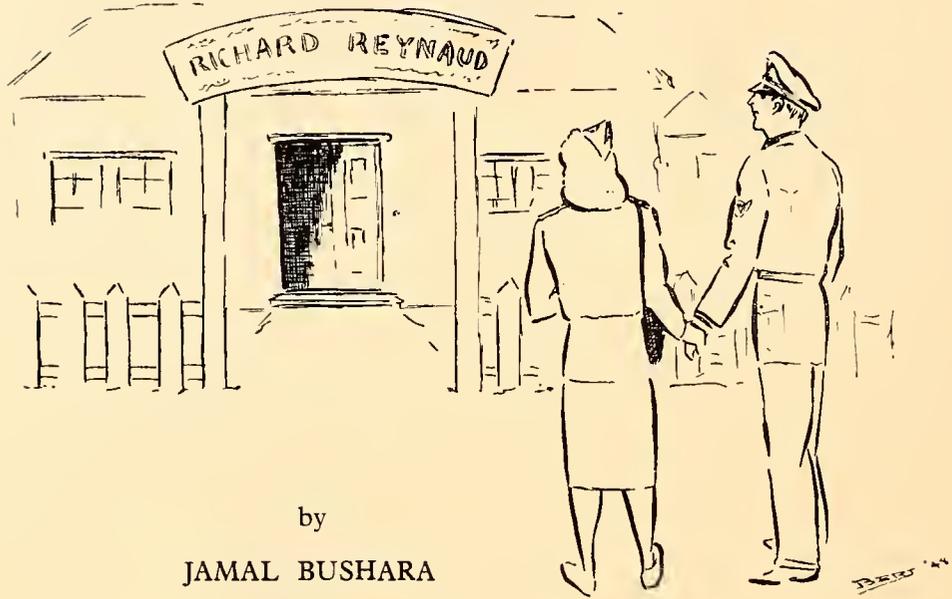
The Interclass Tournament was full of the hard playing that has characterized it in former years. Special mention should go to the Second High team which threatened to beat even the Fourth and Fifth High teams. These last two played for the medals. It was another hard-fought game with Fourth's strong forward line trying in vain to pierce the strong defence of Fifth. With two minutes left to play the break finally came and Kanan just barely put one by the reaching fingers of Manuel. We were sorry to see Fifth lose but it can be put down as Fourth's revenge for having lost the baseball medals to Fifth earlier in the year. All in all, it was a thrilling finish to a fine year of football.

Father Hussey, who coached the Varsity and Intermediate Teams and also ran the inter-class tournament, is optimistic about our prospects for next year. With the experienced eye of a competent coach he has watched the younger boys in their many games and promises another year of outstanding football for the Gold and Maroon.



# FEATURES

# HOPE ETERNAL



by  
JAMAL BUSHARA

As usual, the atmosphere of New York was gay and noisy. But high above the activity and bustle of the avenue, from the balcony of one of its many apartments, a woman was gazing down abstractedly. Beside her was her young son and his twin sister: they, too, were staring down, vainly trying to distinguish the various forms beneath them.

It was March, 1944. Joe and his sister, Irene, were thinking about the future and all that it had in store for them. But their Mother's thoughts were in the past, and the ideas were rushing through her mind. Was it not just twenty-eight years ago this very month, in 1916, that her husband, Richard Reynolds, sailed away to the war in France? She could still see him clearly in his Captain's uniform, and she recalled the tears she shed at his departure. After he had sailed her only consolation was his weekly letters, for in them she could follow his activity and picture in her mind the places he visited.

Then, about a month before the great Allied victory, she received a telegram from the War Department informing her that Richard Reynolds, Captain, was missing in action. She made every effort to be brave, and lived in the hope that her husband would return safely. When the War ended troopships came back, carrying with them the victorious soldiers. Hoping to find him among the arrivals and to hear him say «Mary» once again, she took her two children to the pier, but Richard was never among the smiling, jubilant soldiers.

Mary waited a year and still there was no word of her husband. In order to separate herself from the sad memories of the city she had decided to move West and finally settled in Arizona. There she would begin life anew and there would be no one to remind her of Richard's tragedy, and thus increase the burden she carried in her heart. Yet, she never completely forgot her husband. She would not allow herself to believe that he was dead, and at the same time she was well aware of the fact that any possibility of finding him was remote. Further information from the War Department had told her that her husband had been seriously wounded in battle and had never returned to his lines.

Life in Arizona was quiet and peaceful. Mary Reynolds hope was as strong as ever. She told the twins over and over again the story of «Mary Had A Little Lamb». That was the first poem Irene had learned and her father would ask her to repeat it time and again, while Joe would laugh loudly and clap his hands in approval. The twins grew older but their Mother could still see her husband, listening proudly to the recital.

Time brought many changes to the Reynolds family. Irene had become a nurse; Joe had graduated from college and obtained a position in New York, and there the family had once again settled. Mary Reynolds could not escape the reality of another war. March, 1944, and she was once again to be torn from those whom she loved. Tears filled her eyes as she looked at the twins. She started to speak but the words would not come, and she hesitated. Joe, sensitive to his Mother's feelings, could almost read her thoughts. He knew she was thinking of the past and also of their future. He knew well that she could not get out of her mind the fact that both of them were to leave her on the morrow and start off to another war. There was a mute silence for a moment and then Joe broke it with the words:

«Mom, you are going to be left alone for a short while but I know that you are brave and I am confident that all will go well. We are going to fight for the country that reared us and for you, too. That is the way Dad would want it. Irene and I will be back very soon and....»

Here he stopped, tongue-tied, not knowing exactly what to say; then suddenly he started again with his usual frankness and courage.

«Should it happen that we must make the great sacrifice we shall have God in our hearts always as you have so often told us. With Him to help us we have nothing to fear and neither have you anything to fear.»

That was a long speech for Joe but it produced the desired effect. His Mother was cheered and heartened by what he said. She was very proud of her twins and more so after that little talk. Under the spell of the moment her problems dwindled to nothingness and a happy serenity and confidence settled on her troubled mind.

Before retiring Mary gave the twins her last words of advice and again repeated to them the story of their lost father. Mary never used the word «dead» when speaking of Richard because she was con-

vinced, after all these years, that he was still alive. She told them to inquire for him, for they were to see the places that he had seen. The flame that burned in her maternal heart was kindled in the hearts of her children. Then, in common, they said the Rosary for their father and for the happy outcome of their own adventure on the morrow.

The next morning three silent figures made their way to the docks. The mother had put on her gayest dress to conceal the grief that was in her heart. Irene was dressed in the neat brown uniform of an Army nurse. Joe marched tall and erect like the soldier that he really was. There was a hurried but affectionate good-bye. Mary kissed them both and walked from the pier alone, her heart crushed by the onslaught of another war.

About a month later she received the first letter from Irene, informing her that they had enjoyed a pleasant trip and had landed safely in England. The letters arrived at regular intervals and then came D Day, and the mail stopped. Mary Reynolds was only one of a million mothers who awaited anxiously word from the Front. And then it came. The letter was from Irene. Both she and Joe were in France. Joe had been wounded in his first experience under fire, and taken to a hospital behind the lines. Irene had visited him, he was coming along fine, and there was no need for worry. Mary Reynolds' hands trembled as she read the letter. Had Irene told her the entire truth?

After the Allies had secured a strong foothold in France, Irene obtained a furlough and went for a longer visit with her brother. He had improved greatly and was nearly ready for discharge from the hospital. Joe was given permission to see his sister as often as he wished, and they passed their time visiting the historic villages of France.

One day, as they were walking through one of these picturesque places, they paused before a quaint little home on the outskirts of the village. A sign on the gate informed them of the proprietor: «Richard Reynaud».

«Sounds like Dad's name,» mused Joe.

«Can't be,» replied Irene. «Reynaud is a French name.»

Suddenly a car drew up to the curb. A tall, distinguished man emerged, carrying the familiar briefcase of a business man. He was dressed immaculately, walked with the briskness of a soldier, and wore a faint smile that seemed to belie the real state of his mind.

«Good morning,» he said in perfect English, and raised his hat to Irene. A closer look at his face and grey hair revealed that he was a man between fifty and fifty-five.

Joe was the first to answer. «Good morning. Are you an American?»

«I may be,» replied the man, with a twinkle in his eye. «But you are Americans. Won't you come in and have a cup of tea? American soldiers are always welcome in my home.»

The three entered the house and Irene, with feminine curiosity, looked around in amazement. It was as cozy a place as one could wish to find. Mr. Reynaud invited them into the front room while he went towards the kitchen to ask the maid to prepare tea. Joe and Irene remarked on the peacefulness of this home in the midst of a wartorn country. While they were speaking their host returned.

«Well, tell me all about yourselves,» he said as he sat in one of the easy chairs. «How long have you been in Europe? Where do you live in the United States?»

«We are brother and sister,» volunteered Joe.

«What!» exclaimed Mr. Reynaud. «I suspected otherwise.»

«We are twins,» remarked Irene, a note of pride in her voice.

«Twins,» he said, and a blank expression came over his countenance. Joe and Irene looked at him in wonderment.

There was an embarrassing silence for just a moment and then it was Joe who spoke. «Mr. Reynaud, when I asked you if you were an American you replied that you may be. Do you mind if I ask why you seemed to be doubtful about it?»

Reynaud smiled and after a pause that seemed endless he spoke.

«There is a certain mystery about my presence in this village, but if you are interested I shall tell you my story. At the time of the First World War I was a soldier in the Allied armies. During one of the battles somewhere here in France I received a serious head wound and lost all consciousness. What happened after the injury is still unknown to me. Some people think I was taken prisoner and placed in a hospital. However true that may be, my first information was given to me by a kind old man named Jacques Reynaud. One afternoon at dusk he was returning home from work when he met me wandering aimlessly on the outskirts of the village. Later he told me he tried to converse with me and soon realized that I was a victim of amnesia.

«He took me to his home, this very house where we are gathered, and his good wife made me a warm supper. They knew I was a soldier and fearing that I would fall into enemy hands, they kept me here and took care of me. They had no children and Mrs. Reynaud nursed me back to health with all the loving care of a mother.

«It was almost a year before I was able to do anything worth while; my memory never returned. I tried and tried to remember my background but it was to no avail. Finally I obtained a position in a silk factory and for the sake of convenience took the name of Reynaud. I gave myself the name of Richard because in some strange way that name always appealed to me.

«I must have had experience in the business world before the war, for they told me at the factory that I showed remarkable ability. It was no time before I rose to a high position and have held it ever since. About ten years ago Mr. Reynaud died; his wife passed away just before the outbreak of the present war. I remained in their home all that time and they always looked upon me as a son. I am a middle-aged man, now, and while I have been rather happy in this village, yet it seems that something has always been missing in my life. If I could only remember, ..... »

The twins were spellbound. Irene's eyes had gone from Reynaud to her brother as the former told his story. She could see the resemblance now, there was no further question in her mind and she was certain that this man was her long lost father.

«Mr. Reynaud,» she said, «you have entertained us with your interesting story. Now I would like to entertain you. Do you mind?»

«Not at all,» replied Reynaud. He was rather puzzled by the question, but Joe was beginning to see the light.

Irene walked to the center of the room, looked straight at Reynaud, and began: «Mary had a little

lamb, its fleece was white as snow, .....» When she had finished Joe was quick to fill his part in the drama. He clapped his hands and laughed hilariously as his sister finished the poem.

Reynaud rubbed his eyes; his face was twisted in pain. A great struggle was going on within the man. The words came slowly and falteringly..... «I see it all now.....the apartment in New York..... the twins, Irene and Joe.....Mary, my wife.»

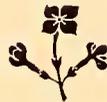
He did not have time to inquire about Mary for the twins were showering their affection upon their father, and telling him that their mother was alive and well. She was waiting for them in New York and waiting for the reward of her eternal hope. The twins told their father of the confidence their mother had that he would one day be found, and the family reunion which had been a dream was about to come true. As they hastened to the village to send a cablegram to New York, Joe looked at his father and smiled.

«You're not so old, Pop.»

«No,» replied Richard Reynolds, «but I am a war older than you, son.» Irene smiled as she held her father's arm, for she was thinking of her mother in New York.

Mary Reynolds was sitting in the living room of her New York apartment, quietly reading the early afternoon paper. The doorbell rang and when she opened it a boy stood there with an envelope in his outstretched hands. She snatched it quickly. It was not from the War Department, and she was grateful for that. With trembling hands she opened the envelope and read the unbelievable words: «ARRIVE NEW YORK FRIDAY WITH THE TWINS. LOVE RICHARD».

There were tears in Mary Reynolds'eyes, but they were tears of joy. Her hope had been rewarded and a long dream was about to come true.





# STILL SHALL I TRUST THEE

by

EDMOND SILVEIRA

As Paul trudged down Rashid street he reviewed in his mind the events of the past three months. Though only twenty-three years of age he already knew the meaning of sacrifice and suffering. In March he had lost his father in a fire which had burned their business establishment to the ground. Last April his mother had died of grief and he was left alone with neither relative nor friend to comfort him, — alone, except for God. It was Paul's trust in God that had saved him from utter despair. It had helped him to meet with resignation and courage the refusals he met in his vain search for employment and drove him onward with undaunted hope until he finally did find a suitable job. As he walked along the main street he resolved to make this position the foundation upon which he would build the tower of his glory and fame and he pondered the happy future that lay before him. The last three months may have been filled with bitterness and failure but now the tide had changed and Paul was once again content with life. God had helped him, and in return he must not fail to express his thanks to so merciful a Father.

The new position interested Paul very much and his cheerful disposition immediately won new friends among his fellow-workers. Every problem was solved with one exception, namely, his lodging. Paul was tired of living in a hotel and had been trying to obtain a room in the home of some family. In a conversation with one of the clerks in his office he mentioned this difficulty and in a few days the search was ended. The clerk found a place for him in a neighbor's house where there lived Mr. and Mrs. Joseph and their daughter, Norah.

In his new abode Paul's happiness was complete, at least for a while. He liked the room, he enjoyed the food, and it was not long before he developed an affection for Norah, a girl with sparkling eyes, dark brown hair and a radiant countenance. Paul was reluctant to confess his admiration for the girl because he feared that romance at this time might hinder his determination to be a success in the business world. He tried to argue with himself but that only increased the fire of his love for Norah. He began to concentrate on his work and stayed at the office until late at night, studying or reading, just to put her out of his mind. But the tree of love had sent its roots deep into his heart and it now cast a shadow over his every waking thought and action. He fought on bravely but the effort took its toll on Paul and in a short time his health broke down and he was confined to his room.

The doctor of the business firm was summoned and when he had finished his examination he found Mrs. Joseph waiting outside the patient's room. Thinking her to be the mother of Paul, the doctor warned her that he was a very sick young man and that he would require constant attention to nurse him back to health. Mrs. Joseph had grown to like Paul very much so when she realized that he was seriously ill she was moved to pity and cared for him with all the solicitude of a mother.

Days passed by but neither the doctor's medicine nor the motherly devotion of Mrs. Joseph was enough. Paul's condition rapidly grew worse and the doctor decided that he needed someone constantly by his side. Mrs. Joseph was unable to do this alone so she shared the vigil with her daughter, Norah. Paul, however, failed to improve, and after a while he became delirious. At times his words were scarcely intelligible, but now and then his faithful attendants grasped his meaning. Then he would regain consciousness, as if startled by the sound of his own voice.

On one occasion he awoke to find Norah kneeling beside his bed with a surprised yet happy look in her bright eyes. Before he could utter a word she said: «You were dreaming of me, and called out to me. I heard you say: 'Norah, Norah, I love you! Please come to me! Do not leave me, please!' Then you opened your eyes and saw me here.»

«Are you angry at me for saying that? Do you wish me to apologize?» he asked faintly.

«No. Please do not say that, » she replied sweetly.

«Even if I tell you now that I love you?»

«Paul, I want you to say that because I feel the same way. I have loved you since you came to live in our house,» she said, and the music of her voice filled his heart with joy.

«Oh. Norah. Why did you not tell me before? All this time you have loved me and yet you never encouraged me by a sign.» He wanted to say more but his weakened condition forbade any further conversation.

In the midst of Norah's joy there was, however, a note of sadness and anguish. The doctor had told her mother an hour before that Paul would probably not live the night out, and as she gazed at his helpless figure she prayed for his complete recovery. Overcome by emotion she knelt by his side and spoke: «Paul. My dear Paul. You must not leave me. I love you, Paul. You can not die, my Paul. Paul.....» There was silence.

Then to her surprise the sick man rallied once again. He raised his feeble arm and touched her with his trembling hand. With the utmost effort he finally succeeded in speaking these words, as Norah looked upon him with pity and love: «Norah, my love, do not despair. Remember that there is a God, a good and generous God. If we only pray to Him I am certain that He will help us. I have prayed to Him before when I was in trouble and He has never failed me. Before we begin to pray, call the priest, that he may bring Jesus to me.»

After the priest had administered the Holy Sacrament he agreed to remain for a while with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph and Norah to await the end which the doctor had predicted. The night passed and the golden sun rose in the East to bring light to a darkened world. As its brilliant rays crept into the sick room they seemed to carry light and hope to a troubled heart and a weary mind. Paul had won his fight for life. His strong desire to live, his trust in God, and his newly found love all combined to bring strength to his body and mind and before many days he was back at his work, completely recovered.

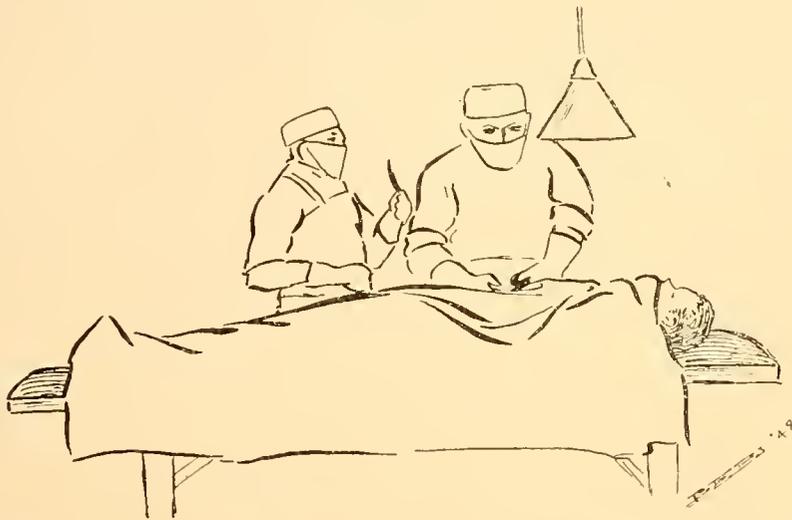
A short time after his illness Paul was seen on his way to Church. As he knelt at the altar his prayer was a secret between him and God. And yet we know it was a prayer of thanksgiving for favors received. There were two favors for which Paul was particularly grateful. One was his return to good health. And the other? Yes, Norah was soon to become the bride of Paul.

# DERMAL ARCHITECTURE

by

NUBAR ASTARJIAN

Our day has seen the flowering of a comparatively new healing art, that of skin grafting. The persistent and meticulous research of a few optimistic men of science in the past thirty years has so perfected this art that it has become a great boon to modern medicine. To many it has given a renewal of life and joyous living, particularly so during and after the recent world conflict, when many soldiers were badly mutilated in the defence of their country.



The transplantation of skin started back in France in 1870 during the Franco-Prussian war. Thereafter, it was practiced in Germany, England and other European countries.

The seeds of this science were planted in the observation of contracting wounds and their healing. Scientists gave studied consideration to the power of the skin to heal superficial wounds and started to experiment with the healing powers of the skin by means of transplants. Successful experimentation soon developed into a science and an important one indeed.

Prior to the twenties few people were interested in this work, the better known early workers being Blair, Waldron, Pickerill and Gillies. Dr. Earl Calvin Padgett, a native of Kansas City, who was to make great contributions to and play a leading role in the development of the science of skin-grafting, appeared on the field only in the late twenties. These research men developed two methods of skin-grafting, namely, free and attached grafts. The latter type consists in loosening all but one end of a piece of tissue, usually from the surface of the abdomen, thigh, or arm, and applying the loose end to the open wound on the same person. In this way the graft retains a blood supply until the wounded area is able to develop its own circulation. Once the new blood supply has been established, the graft is severed from the donor area and the latter then grows new tissue to supplant that which was removed. Thus the wound is dressed with new skin, while, at the same time, the lost skin of the donor area is replenished with fresh growth. The application of this type of graft has not been very successful

between different individuals, except in the case of identical twins. In the former case two factors are responsible for the lack of success; the difference in blood types and the reaction of the body to foreign substances that enter the body by way of the grafts. Attached grafts, however, between individuals, even when unsuccessful, have proven their utility as temporary wound dressings.

The free graft is the same in principle as the attached method, except that it is cut off from the donor area and applied directly to the wound. This would seem rather simple, but it is, in fact, a very delicate piece of work. Scientists by painstaking research have found that the exact thickness of the graft, in order that the operation might be effective, should be about one-hundredth of an inch. To remove a section of skin of that thickness gives an indication of how delicate an operation skin-grafting is.

In the beginning the skin to be grafted was cut by hand with a razor-like knife and proved an unsatisfactory method because it was very inaccurate. In 1929, Vilroy Blair discovered an apparatus which was more accurate, but far from perfect. However, Padgett in 1930, in cooperation with Hood, started to work on a more accurate instrument and their combined efforts were rewarded in 1937, with the production of the Dermatome. A year later, this machine was available to doctors everywhere.

The Dermatome eliminated many difficulties in the field and increased the percentage of successful skin-grafts. It consists of a semicircular drum of polished metal to which an adjustable knife is attached. The knife can be so manipulated that the required thickness of skin can be removed from any area in the desired shape to fit the wound. For the operation, both the skin and the metal are painted with a sticky adhesive in order to adhere closely to each other when the drum is rolled along the skin. When an uneven graft is desired the adhesive is replaced by talc, mixed with ether, on the undesired parts.

The predominant advantage of the Dermatome, besides its ability to remove grafts of the desired thickness from chest, thigh and abdomen, is to allow for the precise amount of contraction of the graft on the wound. Too much contraction results in the failure of the operation. The size of the wound determines the amount of contraction, for which accurate allowance can be made with the use of the Dermatome.

In the beginning one-fourth of the skin's thickness was cut for a graft. This proved most unsatisfactory because the graft contracted, caused disfigurement and left unprotected areas of tissue around it. Later it was thought that grafts, the full thickness of the skin, would give better results. It is true that such grafts did not contract, but it left an unprotected area on the donor. Padgett came to the conclusion that a process intermediate to the two would solve the problem, and this is, in fact, what his Dermatome accomplished.

One other danger had to be met, namely infections. Hemolytic streptococci easily found their way under the grafts and set up an infection. During the first World War seventy-five percent of the skin-grafts became infected. Scientific advance, however, has provided means of combating these germs. Sulfanilamide was the first drug used to clear up the infections, and later, sulfadiazine was found to be more effective and expeditious. The possibility of infection, as a result of a skin-graft operation, has been practically removed by powdering the areas involved with sulfadiazine just prior to the operation.

Thus this branch of medical science, which, like so many others, had hard beginnings, has finally blossomed to full growth in our day, giving more enjoyable living to the ones mutilated.

# THE UNFINISHED FEUD

by

PERCY SEQUEIRA



John Haims rushed from his room as his ear caught the sound of oaths and fists mingled together. «The same as ever, Abdullah and Abbas are fighting,» he muttered to himself. «Well, I must be rid of one of them before blood is spilt.»

He ran to the place where the fighting was going on, and with one strong pull wrenched the two struggling figures apart.

«Now why are you fighting?» he demanded.

«Sahib, he wanted to steal my knife,» said Abdullah.

«Nay, Sahib, I just wanted to look at it. I wouldn't steal such a knife,» said Abbas scornfully.

«All right, Abbas, I don't want you any longer,» said John authoritatively.

«What! You dismiss me, Sahib?» and, with fire shooting from his eyes, he continued, «I will kill you, and kill you before the sun rises again.»

It would not have mattered much if Abbas had been dismissed under different circumstances, but to be dismissed like this on the mere word of a member of the detested Albo-Muhian tribe, that was too outrageous for a proud Albo-Sagarian to endure. John knew this, and he also knew that the threat was not an idle one. He made no answer, however, but merely turned around and strode back

towards his house. It was a house made of mud mixed with another material which the Arabs called «libin». The house consisted of one room, one window, and a door that a child could break through. Yet John liked to call this building home, and indeed this house suited him well. When he left his family at Baghdad and came to the country near Mahmudiah because of his health, he did not know how he would ever be able to live in such a place. But gradually his attitude changed. He became as healthy and contented as any man could be. To his six feet of height, iron strength was added; his lips became firmer; his once pale cheeks changed to a healthy brown color. With this change in himself everything about him seemed to change, also. In the morning, he no longer rose with a feeling of disgust and sadness. He now loved the place which had given him this new life, and wished he might never leave it.

This evening, as he entered the room, a smile lighted his face, for he thought of the surprise he would give his family when they should see him again. The smile, however, quickly left his face when to his mind came the words of Abbas. He stood thinking for a minute, then closed the door. His eyes wandered in the direction of a dozen empty tins scattered in one of the corners, and a sudden thought struck him. Carrying the tins to the door, he piled them against it, and then lay relaxed and relieved on his bed, fully dressed, thinking of home and friends until gradually dreams took the place of thoughts.

Crash! fell the tins. John started from his sleep and with one leap was behind the door. The silence that followed was maddening. After what seemed an eternity, the door creaked and started to open slowly. Softly Abbas entered. With the moonlight falling on his back and flashing on his upraised weapon, the «muguar», he presented a terrifying sight.

With one leap, John was upon him. The two men went rolling on the floor, grappling and kicking and making a mess of everything. «If I could only get the muguar,» thought John. Unexpectedly, his opportunity came. With a strong pull he wrenched the weapon out of the other's hand and knocked him senseless. He dragged the heavy body outside and then went back to his peaceful sleep; he knew that the man would not wake for hours.

At dawn, loud, angry shouts awakened John, and after putting his revolver in his pocket, he ran to the door. There he beheld the whole Albo-Sagary tribe. He had felt sure that they would come, but he was not afraid, for he also knew that the Albo-Muhians would not leave him helpless. Advancing steadily toward the excited mob, he said coldly, «What do you want?»

«We want to ask the the sahib a question,» and, without waiting for permission to do so, the shaikh continued, «Why did you dismiss Abbas?»

A deathlike silence followed. Measuring his words, John then replied quietly, «He was not behaving, so I fired him.» All this time John was watching the shaikh closely. He had one hand in his pocket gripping the revolver and ready to pull the trigger if that were necessary. The moment came. Bang! went the revolver, and with a groan the leader fell. A loud shout of anger rose from the tribesmen, but before they could stop him, John ran to the top of a nearby hill, and raising his voice called for the Albo-Muhians. In two minutes they crowded about him and the fight began.

The Albo-Sagarians were outnumbered, so after fighting fiercely for a short time they began to retreat. Before the hour was over, everything was quiet again.

For two months afterwards intermittent fighting took place between the two tribes, and many a

night John had to sleep in caves or behind bushes, for the Albo-Sagarians were still thirsting for his blood. These restless nights made him weak and tired, and greatly reduced his strength. John knew that this tribe would not give up until they got him. So one morning, gathering his valuables, and bidding farewell to his Arab friends, he mounted his horse and left the place. He did not need food, for he was welcome, as every traveller is, to eat and rest in every Arab house on the way.

Once, before reaching the main road to Baghdad, he met a caravan of Beduins. Now John had heard that Beduins did not like city people, and that they called them «bread-sellers». He was not surprised, therefore, when they surrounded him and gave evidence of their intention to kill him. John managed to engage them in a discussion, and soon convinced them that it was not his fault that he was a city man, but the fault of his parents. To his relief, they accepted his explanation and invited him to remain with them.

For several days he lived with these people and partook of their hospitality. He found them kind, generous, and more than willing to share their few possessions with a stranger. During the day he watched the women at work; played with the smiling, happy children; and reflected upon the cheerfulness of this small group, separated from the rest of the world. The evenings found him in long conversations with the men of the tribe and John listened eagerly to the endless tales of Beduin life and the traditions that had been handed down from generations. Indeed they were good people, and the longer he remained with them the more fond he grew of his newly-found friends.

Yet, he must be on his way, and in due time he left the tribe, much to the disappointment of all. With many a sigh of regret John bade farewell and struck out for the main road to Baghdad. Night came, but he continued on his way, lost in reverie as he crossed the dark desert in awesome silence.

Suddenly he was startled by a voice crying out: «Stop! What stranger dares to pass this way at night!»

Instead of answering John spurred his horse onward, and soon was beyond the reach of his questioner. At long last he felt he was safe and secure from the pursuit of any of his enemies. Lessening his speed he brought his mount to a stop and rested there, gazing back longingly on the country he had left. He had regained his health in this new abode, he had found happiness and joy in its surroundings, but the enmity of men had shortened his stay. Deep in his heart he realized that these people were happy in their own simple way, and he well knew the absence of this mysterious joy in the lives of those who dwelt in a busy, noisy city.

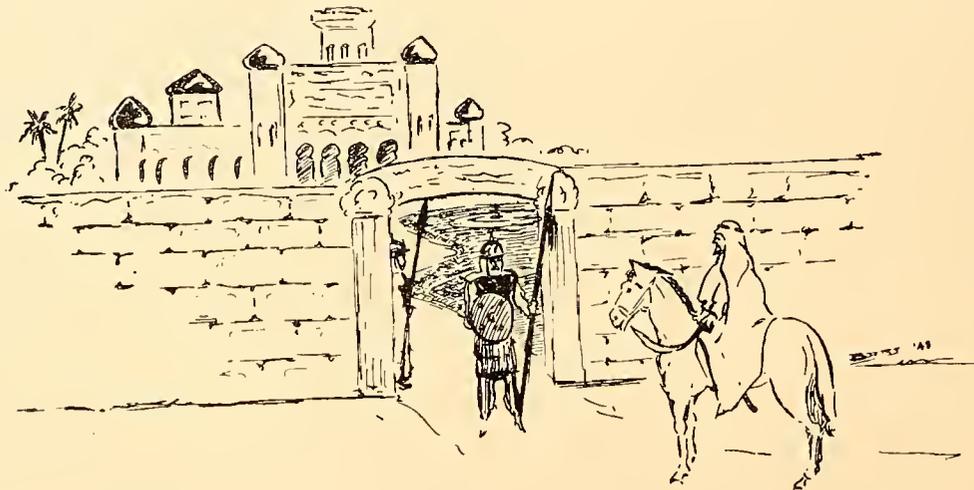
A mixed emotion of sadness and joy filled his heart as his eyes swelled with tears,.....sadness because he was leaving the people he loved, and joy because of the imminent reunion with his family in the city. «Some day I shall return,» he said to himself over and over again as he rode slowly towards the highway. «Some day when tribal conflicts have passed away, I shall come back and dwell for the rest of my days in this region, and once again shall I find peace and contentment in this life. I am richer for the wisdom I have gained, for I have learned a lesson that only experience can teach.»

# A SURPRISE WELCOME

by

VARKIS DARZI

Deep gloom gripped the entire kingdom. Out from the royal palace had come a strange and hitherto unheard-of prohibition. All singing, private as well as public, was banned for the alleged reason that



it was beginning to exert a demoralizing influence on the lives of the people. Any individual who dared to flaunt this order, be he singer or listener, was to be severely punished. Men were dismayed, pleasure-loving people reluctantly abandoned their amusements, and wealthy and cultured households were deprived of parties of jovial entertainment.

Late one afternoon, just as the sun was descending in the west and casting its final rays in a golden-purple haze over the cozy and beautiful homes of the capital, a sad-faced youth began to cross the bridge which spanned the river. As he trudged wearily along, his alert mind was pondering the difficulties occasioned by the prohibition on singing. Vainly he sought to discover a remedy for the joyless situation, but no safe solution suggested itself. Suddenly he raised his head, and to his surprise



he saw, several paces in front of him, the handsome features of a member of the royal family. It was the youthful Prince Ibrahim and he was speaking with a man who, a few days before, had been one of the most popular singers in the capitol. Quickening his pace, the sad-faced youth drew closer to the pair. The singer, known to the populace as Isaac, was whispering to the Prince, but the youth caught these words: «.....Tomorrow evening.....your company.....some new melodies.....»

The Prince then replied eagerly, unaware that his words were being overheard, «Thank you. I shall come to your house tomorrow at one hour after sunset.»

A nod of agreement followed, and the two hurried off in opposite directions, without even casting a glance at the figure near them. For a moment the youth remained motionless, but when he continued his journey it was with a lighter step. His mind was made up: he too would enjoy the secret singing of Isaac.

The next day he dressed himself in fine clothes, borrowed a mule to ride, and at the proper time presented himself at the gate of Prince Ibrahim's palace. Claiming to be the messenger of Isaac, the singer, he was ushered into the diwan and was soon joyfully received by the Prince.

«You know, Prince Ibrahim, the agreement you have made with your brother, Isaac. Why have you failed to come in good time? It is now nearly sunset.»

«Go and give my regards to Isaac,» whispered the Prince. «Tell him that I have just returned from a long journey, but that I shall speedily change my clothes and come.»

The boy went off with a smile in his heart, satisfied that his scheme was working out successfully. On his arrival at Isaac's house, he presented himself as the messenger of Prince Ibrahim and was received with due honor.

«The Prince has sent me, began the youth, to tell you that he has just arrived from a long journey. He will change his clothes and come here as soon as possible.»

Isaac nodded, but urged the youth to return to the Prince's palace. «Try to bring the Prince quickly,» he said. «Tell him I am very hungry and that I await his coming with eager anxiety.»

The boy went back to the palace, but on the way he thought of a better plan to further his scheme.

«Tell the Prince,» he stated with authority, to the servant who admitted him to the palace, «Tell the Prince that I have been ordered to wait for him and that I may not leave without him.»

The message was brought to the Prince, and in a short time he appeared, properly dressed for the occasion. Together they went to Isaac's house, and from their conversation on the short ride, it was clear that the Prince truly believed the youth to be Isaac's messenger.

On their arrival, Isaac greeted the Prince effusively. Thinking the youth to be the Prince's messenger and chosen companion, the singer had no hesitation in admitting him also. Thus it was that the youth took part in the festivities which followed. He was respectfully and kindly treated by Isaac's servants, he enjoyed the food that had been prepared, and he listened with unconcealed delight to the enchanting melodies of the famous singer.

All during the party, the youth acted with polished gentleness, and he impressed Isaac with his charming personality. Finally, the singer remarked to the Prince,

«It seems to me that your companion is an extremely intelligent and well-mannered boy. I envy you such a treasure.»

«My companion?» exclaimed the Prince with great surprise. «What gives you the idea that he is my companion? I understood that he was your messenger!»

«What?» demanded Isaac in an astonished tone. «But how can that be?»

Questions flew back and forth between the Prince and Isaac, and in short order both of them realized that they had been tricked by the cunning of this gentle youth. Isaac's face became red with rage. He leaped from his chair and angrily ordered his servants to bring whips that he might punish the boy who had deceived them. The youth, however, showed no signs of alarm, and when he spoke, it was with complete calm and self-possession.

«It may interest you to know that I am the secret agent of His Royal Highness, the King. I swear that if you lay a hand on me, you shall regret it. If you do not keep silent and if you do not permit me to enjoy this entertainment with you, I shall report you to the king and inform him that you have been listening to singing in violation of his prohibition. You know the severe punishment which will then be yours.»

Immediately, both men softened their attitude toward the youth, for they clearly saw the predicament in which they were. For the remainder of the evening, they offered him the best of food and insisted that he take the most comfortable chair in the room. When he did take his departure, he left loaded down with the gifts they showered on him.

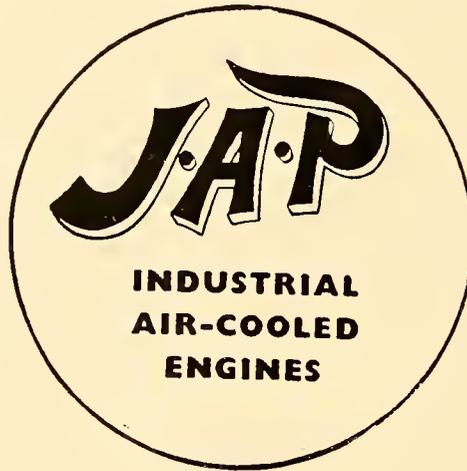
A few months later, the King himself grew tired of his prohibition on singing and gave orders that it be withdrawn. With great chagrin, the Prince then related to His Majesty what had happened during the period of gloomy and cheerless days. The King smiled at first, but then in all seriousness he gave orders that the youth was to be searched for and brought immediately to the palace. Within a few hours, the trembling young man was dragged into the royal presence.

«You have been very clever,» solemnly began the King. «You did wrong in practicing deceit, but it is true that you were clever! I shall arrange that you do not forget such cleverness.» And then, suddenly changing his voice, so that all in the court were amazed at its sweetness, the King continued: «From henceforth, I appoint you one of my special guards. Welcome to the royal household!»





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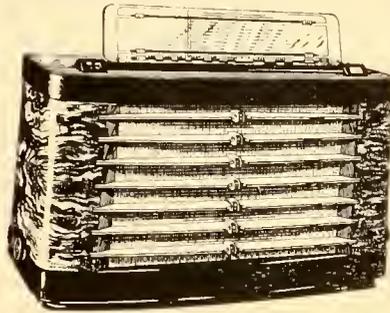
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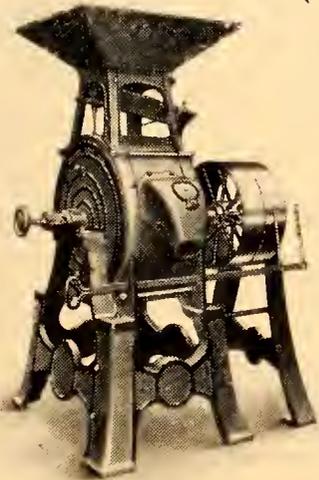
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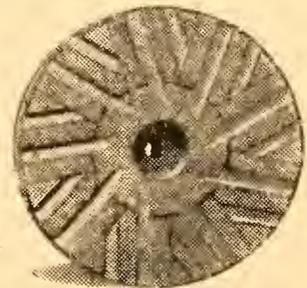
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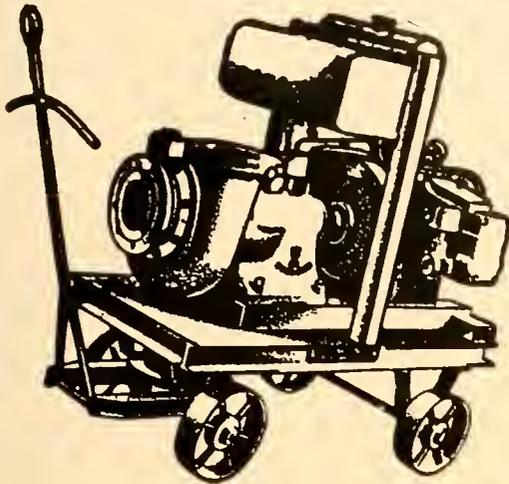
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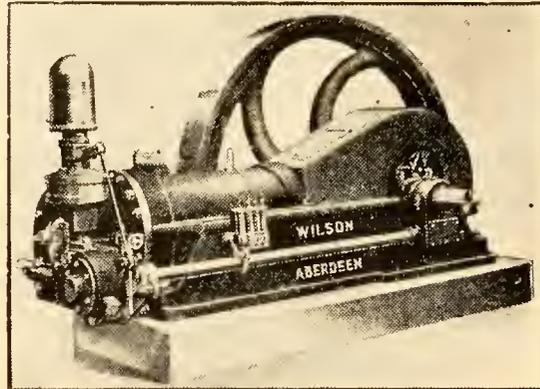
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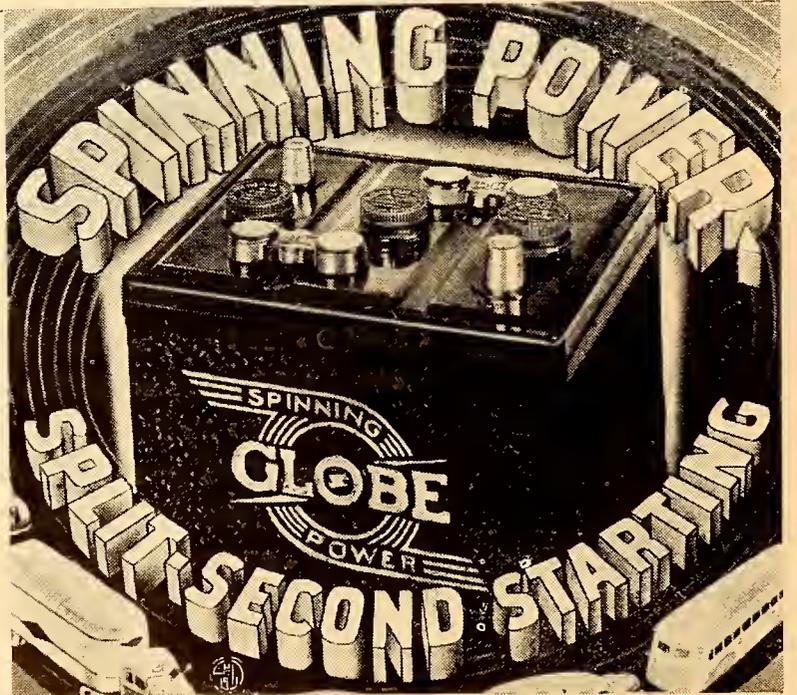
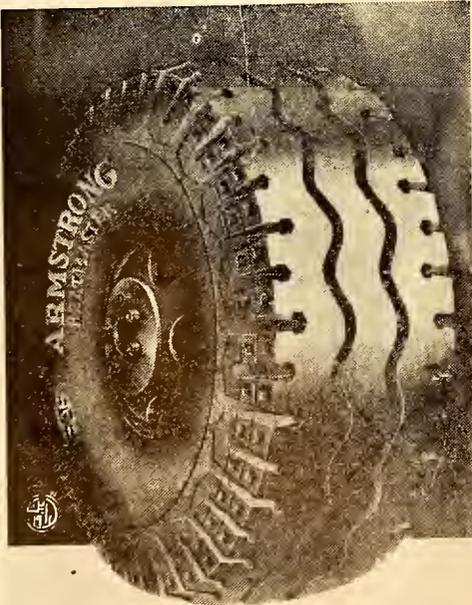
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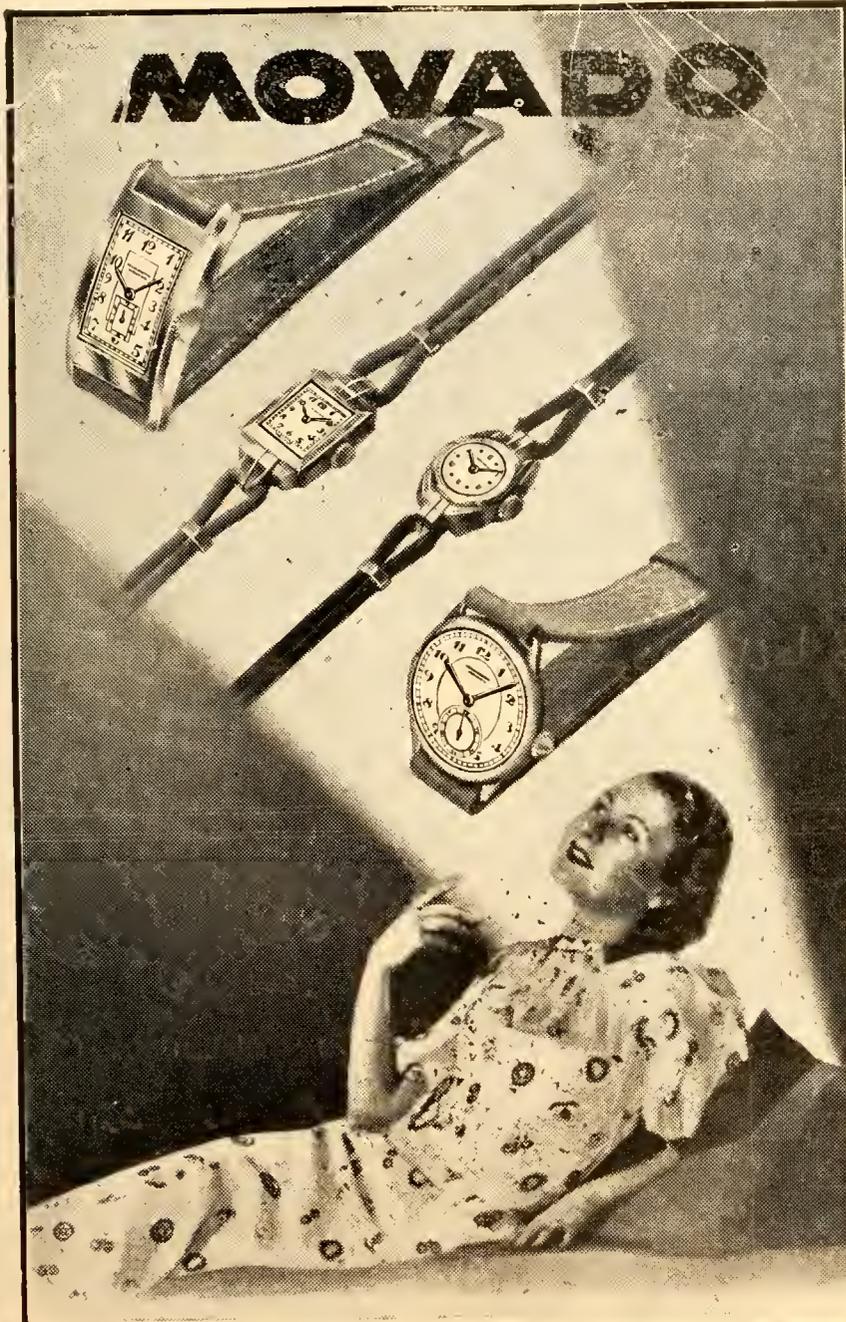
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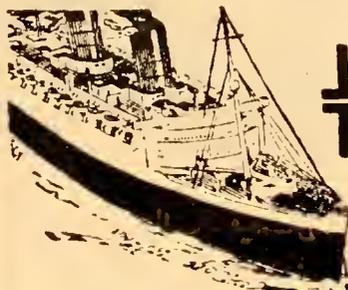
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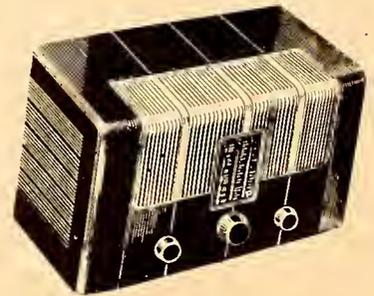
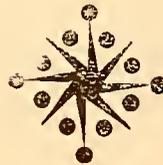
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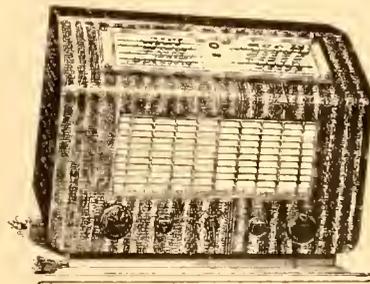
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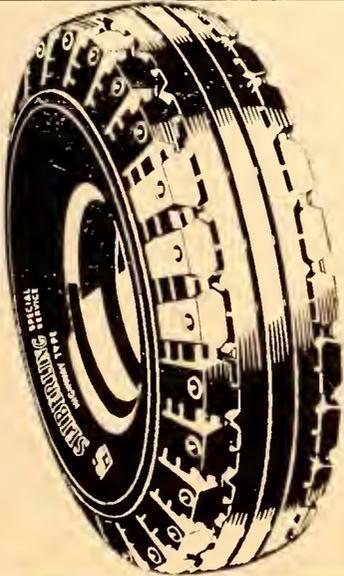
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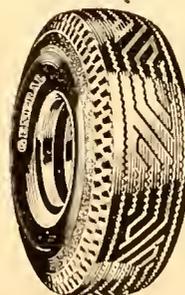
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Dye : Lawn Mowers by « Ransoms ». All kinds of Tools, Garden Tools, Ma-  
chinery & Parts, Flour Mills, Rice Huller &  
Parts, Hair Beltings : Belt Syrups. Wel-  
ding Equipments ; Fluxes, etc. etc.



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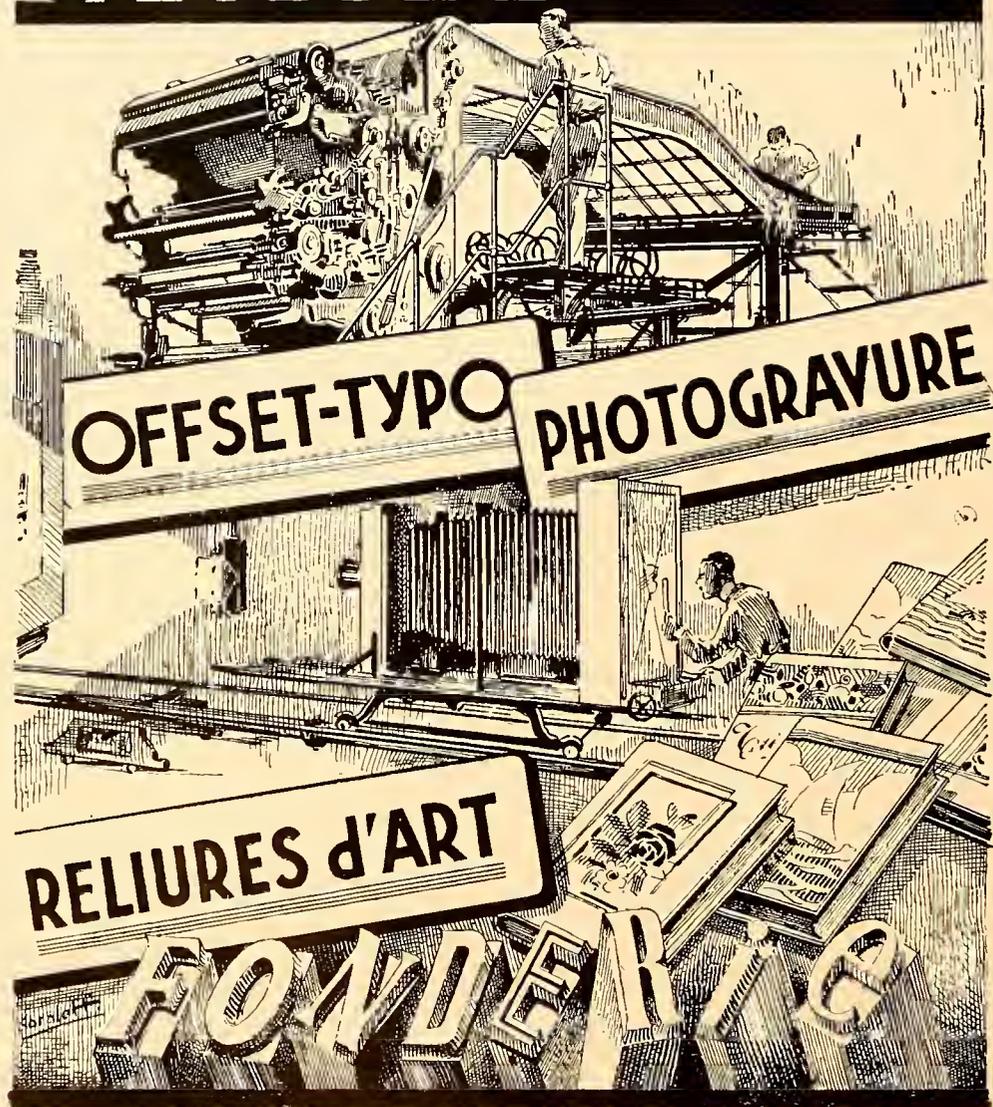
M. B. , B. S. , M. R. C. S. (ENG.) L. R. C. P. (LONDON).

Physician

to

Baghdad College Staff and Students.

# IMPRIMERIE CATHOLIQUE



« Three hours flight, and our commercial agent  
is at your disposal »

IMPRIMERIE CATHOLIQUE P. O. B. 946 BEIRUT LEBANON

الصف الاول المتوسط

الشمعة ( و )

ادمون نعيم قيس نوما  
 الباص بشير هنودي  
 تامي كريكور كريكوريان  
 جمال عبد الاحد فرجو  
 حكمت جرجس كافي الموت  
 حكمت رزوق عبثة  
 خالد توما هرمز  
 رامز حبيوري غزول

زهير احمد طاقة  
 زوراف ابراهيم نيسان  
 سركون يوناتان بيترس  
 سمير مكي الجزراوي  
 ستان عبد الجبار الراوي  
 صباح جميل مراد الشيخ  
 صباح حننا كننو  
 صبيح سلمان الشيخ داود  
 طارق رزوق شمعي  
 عدنان نوفيق شريب  
 فؤاد داود الوثار

فؤاد شمعون الجزراوي  
 قحطان نشأت الاورفلي  
 كريكور طوروس بارانميان  
 اوئي طه الزاوي  
 محمد محمود شويبيته  
 مظفر بطرس حبيوش  
 مظفر لويس ممرحي  
 موفيس خاجيك كديكيان  
 ناظم فرج حسو  
 هناء محمد حواد الرحيم  
 يوسف اسراييل زوكيان



كامل محمد الكامل  
محمد مصطفى محمد العاني  
مقبل يونس ظافر الزهاوي  
منذر الياس زاره  
موفق كامل الخضير  
ميخائيل عبد الاحد جرجس  
نجاة احمد مدني

## الصف الاول المتوسط

### الشعبة ( ه )

ادكر ادور عريس  
امين ناصر سيدنا  
انيس جارس راند كوست  
بدري بطرس نعلو  
توماس كوربال شمّامي  
جوزف ميخائيل زنبقة  
حارث يوسف فرج  
حبيب جورج قاشات  
حفظي خليل الاورفلي  
حليم سوادي عطية  
خالد جاك تريزا  
خالد روفائيل هندو  
سامي يوسف يتوه  
سمير زياً توما  
صبيحي محمد علي الربيعي  
طالب نعيم بابو اسحاق  
غازي عبدالله القصاب  
غازي الياس فرج  
غسان عبد الجبار الراوي  
فائق شاكر عتيشه  
فائق فرج جرجس  
فهد عبد السادة حسين  
فيصل محمد رحمة الله  
كريكور الكسندر شرنبيان  
كمال محمد علي الطحّان  
لويس يوسف ميزي  
ماركو اميل تونيتي  
محمد عيسى طه  
هانئ سامي قايان  
يعقوب جرجس بودية  
يوسف حيم جوهرجي  
يوسف عوني صانع

خالد بيير لورنس  
زكريا فاسلي كزلوف  
سالم ناظم الحيدري  
سهام محمد صالح الاعظمي  
سورين اواديس كزبر  
صبيح البير لورنس  
عادل احمد قدري  
فراس عبد الباقي المناصير  
فكتور داود نعمان  
كرابيت آغوب جبرائيل  
كريكور هارتيون ما ميكونيان  
لبرون يوثيل اينشا  
محمود خالد المدساني  
مراد ديكران كز انجيان  
منذر اميل جبرائيل  
تزار يوسف بزوعي  
هارتيون آغوب بوما كيان  
هيكاز عزيز كسبريان

## الصف الاول المتوسط

### الشعبة ( د )

اخلاص سلمان ملك  
ادون كورش شليحون  
اسعد توفيق قصير  
باسل محمود عبد القادر  
جنان عمانوئيل اللوس  
حارث توفيق يونان  
حكمت توما سلومي  
حكمت نوم انطون  
حمير محمد الرشيد  
خاجيك هاكوب بارسميان  
ساركو اوهاينس ملكونيان  
سالم عبد المسيح حسو  
سامي يوسف داود  
سركيس كيفورك غاربييان  
صائب يوسف شونيه  
عادل دومنيك مرمجي  
عبد المهدي عبد الامير الشماليان  
غازي اسماعيل الجوريجي  
فالح فوزي فرج الله  
فخري جميل جرجس  
فؤاد نعيم بشو

## الصف الاول المتوسط

### الشعبة ( ب )

آرام كره كين سمناقيان  
اسماعيل محمد اسماعيل  
انوشوان خورين كيوركيان  
باروبر كريكور صرافيان  
تحمين محمد امين  
جارلي نجيب كساب  
حبيب علي الامير  
حكمت سعيد ميخائيل  
حكمت سسمان فرجو الجزراوي  
خبري حبيب تّو  
رفيق توفيق فزاز  
سامي نوم عزو  
شوقي فؤاد موشكا  
صبيح سعيد ميخائيل  
عبد الواحد عيسى فرنسيس  
عدنان احمد جمال الدين الكيلاني  
غسان شريف عسيران  
فرج سعيد رومان  
فريد جرجس منصور  
فيلكس جوزف رزوق  
فيصل اسكندر الخوري  
كمال فتوح مراد  
ليفون ينيا جراحيان  
ناصر نحمو صادق  
يوسف شمشون يوسف

## الصف الاول المتوسط

### الشعبة ( ج )

البرت فيليب ابراهيم  
الكسندر بوغوص بوغوصيان  
اللني داديشو جورج  
جورج نجيب كمتو  
جوزف انور عزو  
جون ميناس حنا  
جونسون جون بولص  
جلال يعقوب منصور حبو  
حقي يوسف زعرور  
حكمت مهدي طعيمة  
خاجاك كريكور مرعشيان

قيدار حازم شمدین  
محمود احمد عثمان  
منیر لیون بشارة  
مهدي محمد حسن  
نجاد يوسف مسکن  
نجیب هرمز عبو  
ها کوب ساموئیل لاجنیان  
هشام احمد الراوي  
واهاک کرکین سهاکیان  
باشین روؤف الکییدی

## الصف الاول المتوسط

### الشعبة (أ)

البرت دادیشو جورج  
الفرد سلمان رجوان  
اندریا بیتر فاروجی  
انیس شامل العطار  
پیتروس جون ایشو  
جورج بول ملک  
جوزیف فؤاد کویومجیان  
جون نعوم کورکس  
جیسس بول ملک  
حازم عبد الهادي الخبي  
ساموئیل بواص ساموئیل  
سرکون مراد یونانان  
سبیل ابراهیم ماجد  
فائق نعوم بورجی  
فرانس جوزدی لیمة  
فهاک اسطفان هوئیذیان  
فؤاد خزعل طعیمة  
فیکن کریکور کارایان  
کلارس جوزف بری  
کیلان محمود رامن  
مورس کرچی شماس  
میخائیل بوداخ ماروکیل  
ناجی سعید نشی  
نوئیل شمعون ابراهیم  
هنری باباسی آدم  
هنری ساین سیمون  
ووجتان سهاک ارتیذیان

فاروق فرج الحمدی  
فتح الله سلیم تونی  
فخري جبل حمدي  
فريد شمعون کلي  
فريد فرج جرجس  
فريد يوسف ميشيل  
فلکس اسکندر کونستانان  
قیس حسام الدین جمعة  
کریکور کراییت بالکیان  
کمال صالح ابراهیم  
ملکم برنارد روی  
نعیم سعید رهیج  
نوئیل بجمت عزیز غزاوي  
وری بطرس سلو  
غیثم محمد حديد  
وايد نجيب قطة

## الصف الثاني المتوسط

### الشعبة (ج)

ایسوگوم ها کوب جولاکیان  
ادور لیون زراسیان  
ادیب امین قیردار  
ارمین کرکین سهاکیان  
اسعد میخائیل حنا الشیخ  
اکرم جورج ستو  
البر کریکور ملکویان  
اوهانیس آواک شامایان  
ایاد علی غالب  
بدیع روؤف توما  
توفیق جورج توماس  
تیجور محمد امین  
جلال یوسف تلو  
حکمت نجیب سلوم  
حننا بطرس عیسی  
خالد بشیر الحضری  
رستم ایقان رستم  
رشارد میخائیل زنیقة  
زید جعفر الحمدی  
سلیم الیاس انطون  
عبد الرحمن ضیاء بلک الشریف  
عید الملک علی السهیل  
فؤاد حنا کولو

جوي ميخائيل عبو  
حامد حسين النقيب  
ديدار حارم شمدین  
رياض توفيق الدباس  
زهيل شوکت الزغاري  
زهير بشير الحضري  
شمسي ماروکیل ابراهیم  
عبد المطاب يوسف اشكوري  
عمانوئيل يوسف تومنا  
غازي صديق مظهر  
فاروق فرج خلف  
فريج مارکوز زکریان  
کارلو امیل تونینی  
کمال جاک نریزا  
لوريس اوهانيس جوبتيان  
مصطفى محسن الخفاجي  
مهدي سوادي العبادي  
ميشيل ريمون بصراوي  
هراج ارداشيس مکر دجیان  
وسیم جورج حیقاري  
وارنکیس داجاد اندونیان  
واسکین مقدسی مختاریان  
یعقوب اسحاق غزة

## الصف الثاني المتوسط

### الشعبة (ب)

آرام ها کوب موفسیسیان  
اشخان کره کین میناسکان  
اکرم جورج عبو  
امیل نجیب کراییت  
امیل یعقوب خیاط  
انطوان اوانیس جبوریان  
جورج نعوم ستو  
حکمت ناصر ایلیا  
خالد خلیل المصفي  
رمزي عبد الاحد نعوم  
زهرا ب اریستا کیس مینیشیان  
صباح الیاس زاره  
عدنان اسماعیل السامرائی  
عصام عبد الامیر الازري  
عظاالله رشید مرزا  
غالب یوسف بنی

الصف الثالث المتوسط

الشعبة (ج)

ارمين هارتيون مبرزايان  
البير بولس كوكي  
الياس نو ماس خانمي  
انسلم سيرل بري  
انطوان الكسندر شيرينيان  
انطوان كلزير نو وصيان  
جك مهران ديرديريان  
جلبرت نعوم عزو  
جوزيف انطون اواكم  
خلدون درويش لطفي  
ريمون اسكندر هندي  
زهير جبرائيل قزانخي  
سعد هاشم الوتري  
سيرل جججت مارو  
صباح ميشيل الخوري  
طلال عبد الهادي الجلي  
عادل حميد الشاخي  
غالب جعفر الشبيبي  
فائق عبد الكريم صائغ  
فارق اسماعيل عبد الوهاب الاعظمي  
فكتور نعيم حداد  
فؤاد امين بطرس  
منعم ابراهيم نعمان  
موريس ارثر جونستون  
ميرزا سركيس كوقونيان  
نوبار مهبوسوم ييليريان  
هارتيون دكران داغليان

الصف الثاني المتوسط

الشعبة (أ)

آرام كرايت سامرجيان  
اكرم انطوان جرجس  
اندراس جميل قاشات  
انطوان روف حداد  
بوكين آرام زرزافجيان  
جودت روف حداد  
جورج عزيز اغا ياقو  
جورج عزيز داود  
جوزيف بترو اثناس

فكتور سليمان ناسي  
فؤاد ميخائيل عودو  
فوزي الياس صرافة  
كارلو هارتيون درامريان  
ماروك واهان ماروك  
مصطفى حميد حاف  
مصطفى ماجد مصطفى  
موفق عزيز صرافة  
نييل عبد الاله الحافظ  
نزال سامان جويدة  
تزيه انطون بطرس  
هارتيون ساموئيل لاجنيان

الصف الثالث المتوسط

شعبة (ب)

ادور جورج بطرس  
ادور نعيم قصيرة  
الفريد نجيب شكوري  
امجد توماس توما  
باسل روف الكييدي  
جججت حنا كلو  
جورج بطرس ايليا  
جوزيف اسرائيل كشمشيان  
جوزيف سليم توماس  
خاجبك مهبوسوم ايشيان  
زهير صييح نجيب العزتي  
ستانلي لويس دي سوزا  
شليحون ايشو صارة شمعون  
عزت داود عبو  
عصام صبري طهيمه  
عفيف يوسف عيسى  
فاركيس ليون بالانميان  
فارق سعيد الراشدي  
فريد جرجس الخوري  
مصطفى اسماعيل ششل  
منير انور خياط  
ناجي روف حداد  
نوبار نيشان باشتكيان  
هارتيون بوغوص باليان  
هراير اسطيفان هوفتانيان  
وارتان اوانيس اوانيسيان  
وليم جميل نيهان  
يعقوب يوسف توما

باش يوسف عز الدين  
برونو ميخائيل كيورو  
جوزيف عمانوئيل فكتور  
دكران كيوارك غاريان  
سالم ابراهيم عقراوي  
سيزاني توفيق وهي  
طاهر ناجي النجار  
عدنان رجب النعمة  
عدنان نصري ميخائيل الماصبان  
فاضل حنا عربو  
فريد عيسى قصير  
فؤاد جورج نصوري  
كليمان نصوري انطون  
كور كريس عبد الاحد كوركيس  
معن عز الدين شريف  
ميخائيل انطون كوركيس  
نزال سيد باقر الحسيني  
هارتيون آرام تانبيان  
وديع داود عبو  
برفانت وارطان جولوس  
يعقوب آرام بصحجي  
يوسف بطرس نعلو

الصف الثالث المتوسط

الشعبة (أ)

ادمون بدروس بدروسيان  
ادمون طونيا ثويني  
البير توفيق ابراهيم  
الفردي ميخائيل شينا  
انور ناصر ايليا  
اولني ايون منكسريان  
باسل كامل الجادرجي  
بوكين كريكور هوفسيان  
جوزيف ادور رحمان  
صائب بشير مبرز  
صباح شاكر عتيشا  
صيح يوسف رسام  
طلال جلال العزاي  
عصام عبدالله العياضي  
عصام نوري القاذبي  
غانم زيا توما  
فائق توفيق عبد

## قائمة بأسماء الطلاب

لسنة ١٩٤٧ - ١٩٤٨

هارولد جارلس نييل  
هاكوب كيوارك تزارنيان  
وسيم يونس زافر الزهاوي

## الصف الرابع الاعدادي

(ب) الشعبة

ادور حنا عجو  
ادون جوزيف نعمو  
ارمان ناصر ايلو  
البير عزيز عبو  
البير جوزيف اندراوس  
باركليف آغوب هوفسيديان  
تحسين يوسف جاني  
جاك يوسف بزوعي  
جول عفيف عبوش  
رمزي ميخائيل مروكي  
روبرت يوسف ايار  
سالم داود سيني  
سامي هجعت اسكندر  
سامي ليون بشارة  
سليم انطون طابا  
صباح صبري البياتي  
عبد الستار البحراني  
كرايت اسرائيل كشميشيان  
كلمان شاكر مفاك  
كمال عبد الاحد نعمو  
لوي توري القاضي  
ميمين سليم حسون  
منير ابراهيم فتوح  
تراد ماجد مصطفى  
نصرت توفيق لطفي منصور  
هابك ثادبوس يوستانيان

## الصف الرابع الاعدادي

(ج) الشعبة

ادور البير سكويرا  
انطوان شوكت عبو  
باتريك انطون روي

ريمون نجيب شكوري  
سامي سر كيس باكوس  
عباس خلف الزبيدي  
علاء الدين سليم البحراني  
فاروق نوري فتاح  
فرانك سليم توما  
فريد يوسف اوفاي  
فيقيا جول موسى  
ماكسيم جهتوري توماس  
ماسيس اسحق بتريان  
مانوتيل جوزيف بطاح  
موريس ليونارد كورلندي  
تزار حازم شمدن  
زوري الياس انطون

## الصف الرابع الاعدادي

(أ) الشعبة

اسامة البير نيسر  
الكسندر ارشاك كوتايانس  
برسي البير سكويرا  
بول عمانوتيل بول  
جبرائيل ميخائيل رومانيا  
جورج نيفولا هالكياس  
جوزيف هجعت عز اوي  
جوزيف يعقوب بورجي  
جون بابتست كنوري  
دكاس انور موسى توما  
رمزي توماس جابرو  
سامويل ميخائيل رومانيا  
سامي بطرس دواف  
سامي يوسف اندريا  
فاروق اميل بزوعي  
فاهي كرايت لكونيان  
فردريك البير سكويرا  
كلود غريل مكرينة  
كتمان عبدالله عوني  
لويس داود مراد  
نجيب زيا جهورا

## الصف الخامس الاعدادي

(أ) الشعبة

ارثر كريكور كارابان  
آغوب دازد تزارنيان  
آكرم زكي شاشا  
انطوان اواديس ابيكيان  
جان عبد الله فرجو  
جرابر اسطيفان هوفنانيان  
جوزف رفولي حنا الشيخ  
حكمت مقي الجزائروي  
روحي ميخائيل تسي  
زهير جورج حيقاري  
سركون ايفان رستم  
سيحون اواديس اوانيسيان  
شوكت حنا كاتو  
فائق ميخائيل عودو  
فاركيس ناصيف درزي  
كارل جورج كنوي  
كاوفيس عزيز بطرس  
لوي عز الدين شريف  
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## الصف الخامس الاعدادي

(ب) الشعبة

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## لائحة باسماء القائمين بادارة كلية بغداد

لسنة ١٩٤٧ - ١٩٤٨

ناظر القسم الداخلي امين الصندوق ناظر الابنية والاراضي كاتب المدير	الاب جارلس مهان اليسوعي الاب جون وليامس اليسوعي الاخ ايتالو بارانوف اليسوعي السيد حنا جورج	العميد معاون العميد المدير معاون المدير	الاب ادور مدارس اليسوعي الاب ميخائيل مكارثي اليسوعي الاب جوزيف كونل اليسوعي الاب جوزيف كون اليسوعي
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## قائمة باسماء المدرسين في كلية بغداد

لسنة ١٩٤٧ - ١٩٤٨

الاب جوزيف راين (اليسوعي) الاب وليم لاركن اليسوعي الاب جوزيف مكرات اليسوعي الاب بول ناش اليسوعي الاب جون موهني اليسوعي الاستاذ ابراهيم غزالة الاستاذ انور اسطيفان الاستاذ بشير الخضري الاستاذ جبران بطرس الاستاذ جميل سليم الاستاذ جورج فرج الاستاذ جورج عبوش الاستاذ سليم صرافا الاستاذ شوكت زوما الاستاذ عبد القادر سعد الاستاذ محمود ابراهيم الاستاذ محمود يوسف الاستاذ ناصر طقطق الاستاذ واصف احمد الاستاذ وديع سلمان	العميد معاون العميد المدير معاون المدير ناظر القسم الداخلي	الاب ادور مدارس اليسوعي الاب ميخائيل مكارثي اليسوعي الاب جوزيف كونل (اليسوعي) الاب جوزيف كون اليسوعي الاب جارلس مهان اليسوعي الاب جوزيف مرك اليسوعي الاب فرنسيس سارجنت اليسوعي الاب رالف دليبي اليسوعي الاب جوزيف دفي اليسوعي الاب ليوكي اليسوعي الاب توماس كلي اليسوعي الاب جيمس لاركن اليسوعي الاب جارلس لندر اليسوعي الاب توماس لينج اليسوعي الاب سدني مكنيل اليسوعي الاب جون ميف اليسوعي الاب روبرت سلفن اليسوعي الاب توماس ملفهل اليسوعي الاب ستانسلوس كبير اليسوعي الاب توماس هيبي اليسوعي الاب جون بانكس اليسوعي
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بنظره عن . صدر الصوت . واذا به يبصر شبحاً يفترب . منه رويداً رويداً بخطوات قصار . اقترب الشبح . من حميد شاهراً بيمناه . مدية انه كعست عليها اشعة القمر فانبعث . منها بريق يبعث الزهبة في النفوس وخاطبه قائلاً : « انذكر عباساً ذلك الفتى الذي بعثت به للسجن وهو بري . بعثت به للسجن لكي يحاو لك الجو فتقترن بسهام . انذكره . . انه الآن يطلب الحساب . انه يريد ان يضع حداً لآثامك . انه يريد ان يتقم لبت عمه ولنفسه » . قال الشبح هذا بينما كان الاضطراب قد عقد لسان حميد وشله من الحركة ثم ساد المكان سكوت عميق بدأت خلاله المديّة تهوي ببطء . على قلب حميد . واخيراً سمع صوت آنة ضعيفة كانت آخر ما اخرجته حنجرة حميد آغا .

في صباح اليوم التالي وجد حميد . مضرراً بدمائه في احد الشوارع وقد اختزقت قلبه . مديّة . بجشوا عن القاتل ولكن لم يجدوا له اثرأ فلقد اخنقى واخنقت . معه . عالم الجريمة .

اما عباس فقد رحل عن القرية في جوف الظلام حاملاً معه قيس ابن حبيته الذي اصبح يتيماً وبات يعتقد بأنه احق الناس به واقربهم اليه . اخذه ليعيش مع ابنته سلمى . معاً . وعندما وصل قيس وسلمى الى السن التي توهمها الزواج تزوجا باحتفال عظيم وهكذا ترى ان الدهر الذي تصدى للحييين وحرهما لذة جهما قد فسح المجال لابنيهما ليتلذا بحياة الحب والسعادة الزوجية .

فتحركت السن الجميع بالاطراء . والاحتسان ثم سأل احدهم كيف اطلمت على هذا السر قال : « لقد سمعت القصة من عباس نفسه اذ كان صديقي الحميم واطلعت عليها وهو على فراش الموت وطلب الي ان ابقها سرأ مكتوماً عن قيس وسلمى وما قصصتها لكم الا لانني متأكد من انكم جميعاً لا تعلمون شيئاً عن قيس وسلمى اذ ان وقائع القصة قد وقعت في غير هذه البلدة » .

نظرت الى ساعتى ووجدت بأن موعدي مع صديقي قد حان فتركت . قعددي وغادرت المقهى .

اما عباس فقد دخل السجن وهو بري فلبث تلك الاعوام يندب سوء حظّه الذي فرق بينه وبين حبيته . فكان يسأل نفسه بالحديث مع احد المساجين وكان هذا قد حكم عليه بأن يقضي البقية الباقية من عمره بين جنبات السجن حكم عليه بهذا السجن لقتله اخاه . فكان عباس يقضي الساعات الطوال . متحدثاً الى ذلك السجين .

وفي احد الايام دعا السجين عباساً الى احد اركان السجن ثم قال له بصوت خافت ان بين طيات قلبي سرأ رهيباً . سرأ اريد ان افشيه لك لكي يحصل ضميري على بعض الراحة . سرأ من اجله اسقيت اخي كأس المنية . ان في مكان كذا كترأ كبيراً لا يعلم سره الا انا . لقد قتلت اخي لانه اكتشف . مكانه والآن لا استطيع ان استشره وانا في السجن . ولكن بما انك ستخرج من السجن يوماً ما فاني ارجو لك باستثارة انك رجل نبيل حقاً وقد عجبت بك فانا اهابك اياه . قال السجين هذا ثم وصف لعباس مكان الكتر فما كان . من عباس الا ان يشكره .

دارت الارض دوراتها وأن لعباس ان يطلق سراحه واخيراً انفتح باب السجن ليعطي عباساً حريته كاملة . فعاد السجين ولسانه يلهج بكلمة الانتقام . كان هدفه ان يتقم لنفسه من حميد الذي افقده حريته لمدة عشرة اعوام بدون سبب . فاخذ يفكر بطريقة الانتقام واول خطوة خطاها نحوه كانت ان ذهب الى الكتر وافرغه ثم بدأ ببناء . مركز له في تلك المدينة ثم تزوج بنت احد تجارها فوضعت له الزوجة طفلة صغيرة سماها « سلمى » .

طيلة تلك السنين كان عباس يفكر بالانتقام وطريقته واخيراً شد رحاله الى البلدة التي سكنها عمه فا ان وصل حتى اخذ يستقصي الاخبار وبمساعدة ثروته الطائلة تمكن من الاطلاع على دقائق ما حصل لعائلة عمه وحميد آغا بعد مغادرته القرية الى السجن . ولما سمع قصة ابنة عمه وكيف تزوجها حميد وكيف قضت نحبها فار الدم في رأسه واسود العالم في عينيه وانطلق قلبه ينادي بالانتقام بكل قوة .

كانت الساعة العاشرة بعد بضعة ايام حينما كان حميد يشي الهويناء . قاصداً داره واذا بصوت ضعيف يناديه : « حميد آغا . . . حميد آغا . . . » وقف الكهل ثم اخذ يبحث

علاء العربى بحري

الطالب في الصف الخامس الاعدادي

في الامر ملياً . ولكن هنالك عدة عقبات في الطريق منها عباس ابن اخي . فلقد اخبر منذ نومته اظفاره بان سهاماً ستكون له زوجة في المستقبل و . . . » .

« لا تعبأ بهذه المشاكل » اجاب حميد آغا باعتزاز : « فسأحل المشكل » . ثم ادار دفعة الكلام الى اشياء اخرى وبعد حديث قصير انصرف .

انطوت بضعة ايام على هذه الحوادث ثم اذا بالشيخ عدنان يفاجأ بمقدم عباس وحيداً . فابتدره بالسؤال عن القافلة فأجابته بأن عصابة من اللصوص قد دهموا القافلة وسرقوها ولم يستطع هو النجاة الا بعد جهد جهيد . لقد كانت كارثة على الشيخ عدنان .

اما حميد آغا فاكاد الخبر يبلغ اذنيه حتى اخبر الشرطة ثم امرهم بالقاء القبض على عباس بتهمة سرقة القافلة ثم جاء بشهود زور لدى المحكمة لادانة عباس فكان مصير عباس السجن . فلقد حكم عليه بالسجن لمدة عشرين سنوات . اما حميد آغا فهو الذي اغرى عصابة اللصوص على سرقة القافلة . اغراهم على ذلك لكي يلحق التهمة بعباس ويزجه في السجن فيخلو له الجو ويتسكن من الاقتران بهام . وهكذا تحققت جميع احلام حميد آغا . اما الشيخ عدنان فانه وقف ازاء كل هذه الحوادث كأعزل في حرب .

وبعد مدة تمت معدات الزواج واحتفل اخيراً بزواج حميد آغا من سهام . لقد ارغمت على قبوله زوجاً لها . اقتزنت به تفادياً للكارثة التي تحمل بالعائلة اذا ما فسخت الشركة . فضجت بسعادتها حباً بعائلتها ولكن هل ترم السعادة الزوجية بين هذين الزوجين مع هذا الفارق الكبير في السن ؟ كلا . فبعد عامين على اقترانها حدثت مشاجرة بينهما اذ انتابت حميد آغا خلالها نوبة عصبية شبه جنونية فرفع مديته يريد قتلها . لم تجد سهام امامها غير الهرب من مخرج فهربت تاركة الدار وراها ولكن ذاك الهرم اقتفى اثرها فيسمت هي شطر النهر . اتجهت الى تلك الصخرة التي ارتشفت على قمتها اولى قطرات الحب ومن هناك القت بنفسها الى النهر لتلقى موتها بين احضان مياهه . لاقت حتفها بعد ان تركت لذلك الهرم الاحق طفلاً صغيراً اطلقت عليه اسم « قيس » .

« كلا يا ابنتي ولكن لا اظنه يتأخر اكثر من شهر واحد » . قال هذا ثم سكت سكوتاً يعلن قرب وقوع شر . ابتداء الشيخ عدنان الحديث من جديد قائلاً : « لقد بكرت لمقابلتك هذا الصباح لأمر خطير . لا امر يجب ان تعلمي به . لقد زارني حميد آغا امس وطلب مني يدك » . « متى . . . انا ؟ » اجابت الفتاة بتعجب مصحوب باضطراب .

« نعم منك » اجاب الشيخ عدنان بهدوء . « قد تستغربين الخبر ولكنه عين الحقيقة » .

« كيف اوافق على الزواج من هذا الهرم الاحق ؟ عفواً يا ابنتي لم اكن افكر يوماً في عصيان امرك واكنني ارى نفسي مرغمة على ذلك . انني لا اطيق العيش مع عجز يصلح ان يكون جدّاً لي لا زوجاً » .

« اذا حضري نفسك يا ابنتي لكي تعيشي حياة الفقراء » . اجاب الشيخ عدنان محرماً رأسه لقد كنت اتوقع منك هذا الجواب وان بقيت مصرّة عليه . فسندوق حياة الحرمان .

« لماذا يا ابنتي ؟ » . سألت الفتاة والدع يتفرق بين عينها : « ماذا اصابك يا ابنتي تحتاج الى طبيب ؟ » .

« لا يا ابنتي » اجاب الشيخ بجمان : « اني لا اشكو ألماً وما اقول هو الحقيقة نفسها . فانني ان رفضت طلب حميد آغا فانه سيحل الشركة لا محالة وان حلها فان الافلاس يكون مصيرنا » .

« دع عنك هذا يا ابنتي » اجابت الفتاة : « ولكن اذا وافقت على الزواج من حميد آغا فماذا يكون مصير عباس ؟ اعني اين يذهب . . . و . . . واين يأكل . . . و . . . » .

« اذن اوقعك حب عباس بشركه » قال الشيخ عدنان : « ولا الومك على ذلك اذ ان عباساً يكون لك نعم الزوج ولكن . . . » قال الشيخ عدنان هذا ونهض مغادراً الغرفة .

ثلاثة ايام مضت فاذا بحميد آغا يكرر الزيارة فاستقبله الشيخ عدنان بالترحيب وما ان جلسا حتى ابتداء حميد آغا الحديث قائلاً : « هل اخبرتها وماذا كانت النتيجة ؟ » .

« نعم لقد اخبرتها » اجاب الشيخ : « كما فكرت انا »

انني احتاج الى . من يساعديني في شيخوختي هذه ويدير دفعة الدار و . . . . . فقد خطر ببالي ان اطلب . منك يد ابنتك لكي تكون لي زوجة ولا اظن ان عندك اي مانع .  
تلاثم لسان الشيخ عدنان وتلجج عند سماع هذه الكلمات . لقد اصبح بين هاويتين فاما ان يجيب طلب حميد آغا ويزوج ابنته الفتية بكهل احق يبلغ عمره اربعة اضعاف عمرها او ان يرفض فيكون . صيره الافلاس . ولكن كان عليه ان يفكر بسرعة . كان عليه ان يجيب حميد آغا في الحال فماذا يقول واخيرا تحرك لسانه ناطقاً باضطراب :

ولكن . . . . . ولكن لم اخبر ابنتي بعد . . . . . ويجب ان اخبرها ف . . . فامهلني مدة وانا اعطيك الجواب . . . نعم انا ارد عليك الجواب . . ارده بعد بضعة ايام .  
« انك ابوها » اجاب حميد آغا « وببذك زمام امورها فلا حاجة لك ياخبرها ولكن ما دمت تطلب التمهل فدونك اياه » . قال هذا ثم صافح شريكه وانصرف باعتراز وكبرياء .

يا لها من ليلة ليلاء تلك التي قضى سوادها الشيخ عدنان مفكراً فيما خبأه له الدهر من نكبات كان في حالة اهتمياج واضطراب عصبي فكان في امس الحاجة الى النوم ولكن هل يرق قلب الرقاد ويזור جفنيه ليرجحه قليلاً؟ كلا . فقلب الرقاد قد قدّ من حجر اصم لا يرثي للبشر . فبقي المسكين يتخبط في جحيم . من الافكار وما ان ارسلت الشمس اشعتها الوهاجة لتحيي الارض تحية الصباح حتى نهض من فراشه وعيم شطر مخدع ابنته سهام وما ان دنا منه حتى وقف ثم اخذ يفكر . ماذا يقول لها؟ يبلغ عمره اربعة اضعاف عمرها . اذاً لماذا جاء . ! عقب هذا سكون رهيب . ايريدها ان تقضي زهرة شبابها مع هرم احق مجنون - ايريدها ان توافق على الزواج من شخص وهو على ابواب القبر . رفع الشيخ بصره الى الافق فرأى الشمس قد ارتقت فكأنما اشعتها الوهاجة بعثت فيه بعض النشاط فدخل عليها .

كانت سهام تمشط شعرها فما ان دخل والدها حتى حيته ثم ابتدرته قائلة : « ألك علم يا ابتي بموعد رجوع عباس الينا »

غادر عباس غرفة عمه ثم يم شطر غرفة سهام فاستأذنها بالدخول ثم دخل . كانت سهام تنسلي بجياكة كانت معها فما ان دخل عباس حتى استقبلته بالترحيب وروت بالحياكة جانباً . ولما هوت الشمس من منصبتها في عنان السماء وارسلت اشعة دموية تودع بها الارض في ذلك الحين اقترحت سهام على عباس الخروج الى التزه فواجه الاخير اقتراحها بكل سرور ثم وقف واعطاها يده وابتدأ بالمسير تاركين الدار فاقتاها المسير الى صخرة عالية تطل على النهر فجلسا على قمتها . كان الهدوء يخيم عليهما بينما نسج القمر شبكته الفضية فوق رأسيهما . كان السكون شاملاً والليل مستتباً والنهر ينساب هادئاً امام عينيها عندئذ قالت سهام « ترى يا عزيزي عباس كيف تنساب المياه ببطء اني احبها انها جميلة . آه لكم اود ان اموت وانا بين احضانها » . عقب هذا سكوت بعده اخبر عباس حبيته بسفره فا كان منها الا ان سمحت له واكدت له حبها . هما تغيرت الاحوال .

واخيراً نهض الحبيبان من اعلى الصخرة وكان القمر قد تسلل في طريقه الى عنان السماء فجلس على عرشه تحيط به حاشية من الكواكب اللامعة . فتسللا هما ايضاً في طريقهما الى الدار وكانت ساكنة . كان الجميع يظنون في رقادهم فاقتا عباس حبيته الى مخدعها ثم ودعها وتوجه الى مخدعه ليتناول قسطه من النوم ولكن انى له ان يتام وعاملان عظيمان يدوران في مخيلته - عامل فراق سهام وعامل طاعة عمه وسفره . ثم تذكر عباس ان عليه ان يسافر صباح ذلك اليوم فنهض من سريره وارقدى . لابسها وما هي الا ساعات حتى كان عباس فوق الجمل . شيعاً القرية بنظره .

في عصر ذلك اليوم زار حميد آغا شريكه الشيخ عدنان فرحب به الاخير ايماً ترحيب ثم بدأ الحديث عن تجارتهما التي اصبحت . صيرها الكساد في ذلك العام ولولا غنى حميد آغا لهوت الشركة الى هوة الافلاس . بعد ذلك قال حميد آغا : « اني طلبت مقابلتك هذا المساء لأمر خطير امر له اهمية وعلاقة بي شخصياً » . تبع هذا سكوت قصير ثم ابتدأ حميد آغا بالكلام ثانية : « لقد لمحت ابنتك سهام قبل بضعة ايام فوجدتها قد اصبحت تامة الانوثة وبها

## في المقهى

نا

تدحرجت السنون ضامة بين طياتها الايام بما فيها من افراح واحزان مظهرة لنا عباساً وقد اصبغ شاباً . اصبغ شاباً بكل ما في الكلمة من معنى فكان ذكياً قوباً نشيطاً يفاخر به عمه وشباب حارته وكان الشيخ عدنان يدربه على التجارة مهنته ليساعده في المستقبل فكان عباس يقوم بالمهام التي تعهد اليه على احسن ما يرام .

اما الشيخ عدنان فقد كان شريكاً لرجل عجوز يدعى حميد آغا . كان هذا الرجل غليظ الطباع صبي المزاج تعتريه في بعض الاحيان نوبات عصبية تخرجه عن عقله ولكنه كان رغم ذلك غنياً . كان يملك عقارات كثيرة ولديه مال وافر فلهذا السبب فقط شاركه الشيخ عدنان اذ ان الشيخ عدنان لم يكن واسع الثراء فكان محتاجاً الى حميد آغا او بالاحرى كان محتاجاً الى المال الذي يملكه حميد آغا .

اما سهام فقد شبت تبهر الناظر بجمالها . لقد كان جمالها مدعماً بسداجة تحببها لكل من رآها . كأن الله قد صنعها من جمال فتان يسحر القلوب .

وعلى ممر تلك السنين التي جلبت عباساً وسهاماً الى مسرح الشباب تطورت صداقة الطفولة الى حب وغرام ولكن الى نوع جديد من الغرام . كان الحب قد اوقعهما في شركة دون ان يشعرا فكان عباس يحب سهاماً حب الراهب لتثال العذراء المائل امام عينيه في صومعته . يحبها ولا يتجاسر على التطلع اليها فكان حبها سراً مكتوماً حتى عنهما .

في عصر احد الايام دعا الشيخ عدنان عباساً لمقابلته ولما قابله اخبره الشيخ بانسه عازم على ارساله مع قافلة تجارية الى احدى المدن فكان على عباس ان يتأس القافلة ويتاجر في تلك المدينة ثم يرجع حاملاً النقود التي حصل عليها كما اخبره بأن القافلة ستشد رحالها صباح الغد وعليه ان يتحضر للسفر فما كان من عباس الا الطاعة .

بعث سيري مخترقاً الشارع تلو الشارع حتى ساقني قدماي الى مقهى فوقفت امامه ثم نظرت ساعتى نظرة سريعة علمت منها ان الوقت الذي حددته لصديقي لم يكن بعد فوقفت وفكرت حتى طافت في ذهني فكرة دخول المقهى وتناول قدر من الشاي فعند ذلك دخلت المقهى لاني كنت اشعر بالبرد والتعب واجتذب نظري فيها بضعة رجال جلسوا في احد الاركان ينصتون باهتمام زائد الى احدهم فيصمت شطريهم مستويماً على كرسى بجانبهم وبدأت استرق السمع .

كان احد اولئك يسرد قصته على الاخرين ثم سرعان ما اتفها فبدأ لي ان الجماعة قد استحسنوها علمت ذلك من عبارات الاستحسان التي مرت على شفاههم بعد نهاية القصة . بعد ذلك سمعت احدهم يقول : « اما الآن فسأقص عليكم قصة قد تنال رضاكم . قصة واقعية حقيقية . قد لا تصدقون هذا بعد ان اتم القصة ولكنني سمعتها من مصدر موثوق به . انها قصة قد تضاهي ابداع ما اخرجته عقول الناس وها انا واضعها بين يديكم لتحكموا عليها : « كان عباس - فتي القصة - في الثالثة من عمره حين اختلقت يد الموت اياه فبذلك سدد الدهر اول سهامه نحو ذلك الطفل المسكين ولكن هل وقف عند حده ؟ كلا . فما هي الابضعة اشهر حتى انزلت به الضربة الثانية فانزع الموت امه من بين يديه وهو لم يتجاوز الرابعة فقسلم زمام اموره عمه الشيخ عدنان وكان رجلاً طيباً كريم الاخلاق .

عاش عباس وترعرع في بيت عمه فكان يقضي النهار لاعباً مع ابنة عمه سهام التي كانت تناظره في العمر . كانت طفولتها عذبة . كانا طفلين ساذجين وكانت الحياة لهم دنيا هو وانس فقضيا شطرها في طرب ومرح وما ان شباً حتى ربطتهما الصداقة برباطها . كانت صداقتها طاهرة بريئة فمينياً .

في الظرف، قد كتب عليها «بالله من فضلك ارحمني واقربني ما تحتويه رسالتي» فوفقت هنيهة احدى في هذه الكلمات . . ثم مزقت هذه الورقة فوجدت بداخلها رسالة . ولما بدأت اقرأ فحوهاها بدأت يداي ترتعشان وقلبي يخفق ببطء . حتى اذا ما انتهيتها وجدت نفسي بضعف شديد ودارت الدنيا حولي ولم اعد اشعر بأي كائن موجود . ثم استفتت من غيري ولم اعرف كم كانت وقرأت الرسالة مرة اخرى واخذت الدموع تهطل من عيني اذ ان ما احتوته الرسالة كان نهاية مذكراته قد كتبها هو وكانت تصور نفسه المعذبة حينما علم انني نافرة منه وكيف بدأ يتمذب باطنياً من الذي جلب له هذا المرض الفتاك وقد ذكر ضمن ذلك ان الفتاة التي كانت معه لم تكن سوى احدى قريباته جاءت من بلاد نائية وطلب ابوه ان يربها المدينة .

وعلمت انه بتسرع الحكم وسوء التفاهم قد قضيت على حياته وحياتنا السعيدة فلم اقدر ان ارى سبيلاً آخر امامي سوى الانتحار فركضت الى الجسر في حالة جنونية ولما رأيت المياه دارت بي الدنيا فصرخت ووقمت واستفتت على جذبك اياي الى الشاطئ وقد حاولت التملص منك لاني كنت افكر انه لا يوجد لي امل في الحياة بعد ولكنني اشكرك الآن شكراً جزيلاً اذ قتت بعمل عظيم لانني ارتكبت جرماً كبيراً وسوف اكفر عنه طول حياتي» وهنا صمتت فقامت من مكاني وقد انحدرت دموعان من عيني اتملك المأساة المؤلمة واخذت بيدها الى الخارج واوقفت احدى سيارات الاجرة وذهبتنا الى دارها واكنها طلبت مني ان لا ابوح باسمها اذا حكيت هذه المأساة . ونصحتني الى شباب اليوم هي ان لا يهدوا السبيل للجب ليمتلك عليهم قلوبهم ما داموا هم او هن في المدارس لان العلم هو الا فرض ونصحتني الثانية للعالم اجمع وانا من ضمنهم ان لا نتسرع بالحكم على شيء . ما لان الظواهر في اكثر الاحيان خادعة .

### الرواف فرج

الطالب في الصف الخامس الاعدادي

مضت على تلك الحادثة شهر كنا فيها من اسعد البشر ولكن كأن يد القدر احسست بوجود سمعدين في هذا العالم الصاحب وارادت التفرقة اذ جاءت صديقتي يوماً تخبرني انها رآته في احدى دور السينما يغازل فتاة . فصفتها على وجهها وقت لها انها كاذبة ثم ذهبت الى غرفتي باكية . . . وبدأت التصورات تحز في قلبي الى ان جعلتني التحيل شر الامور . . . فلم اذهب في اليوم التالي الى المدرسة بسبب الترعك . . . ولكن صورة الحيانة كانت تنجم امامي والغيرة تأكل قلبي . . . وفي عصر ذلك اليوم بينما كنت سائرة على شاطئ دجلة احاول التملك على اعصابي وافراغ ما بي من السموم اذ رأيتته جالساً مع فتاة سمراء يتضح اركان فاسودت الدنيا في عيني ورجعت هاربة الى البيت احاول التملك على عواطفني الجنونية . . فلم اتعش ذلك اليوم ، وبدأ اهلي يستغربون تصرفي هذا وبدأوا يسألونني الاسئلة الواحد تلو الاخر ولتجنب الفضيحة بدأت احاول العيش كما كنت سابقاً . . ومضى اسبوع ولم اره . وفي ذات يوم بينما سكنت راجعة من المدرسة رأيتته مقبلاً نحوني فاحمرت وجنتاي واختلج فؤادي بعواطف شتى . . ولما اقترب مني حياني تحية عذبة ثم بدأ بكلمات الاستمذار فأدرت وجهي الى الناحية الاخرى واسرعت في السير . . . وقابلته بعد ذلك مرة اخرى وفعلت نفس العمل . . وكتب لي رسالة ففرقتها فوراً بدون قراءة . . . مضت شهر بعد ذلك ولم اره فيها فكان كأنه اختفى من عالم الوجود . وفي يوم بينما كنت اتصفح جريدة المساء اذ قرأت الخبر المفجع وهو انه قد توفي بمرض السل . . . فوقف عند ذلك خفقان قاي وصررت ابكي بكاء مرّاً .

وفي تلك الليلة لم يزر الزقاد اجفاني وبقيت ابكي وتحمس والتخيل حتى الصباح ومن هذا السبب بدأ رأسي يؤلني فالترمت الفراش . . . وفي الساعة العاشرة صباحاً اقبلت امي علي وسلمتني ظرفاً كبيراً وقالت ان ساعي البريد قد أتى به . . فلما فتحتة بدأت العواطف تقوم وتقدم بي وكانت اول صحيفة من هذه الصحائف، عندما اخرجت ما

وضت بعد تلك المقابلة شهور طوال لم نلتق بها .  
 وصدفة بينا كنت في احدى الحفلات التي احيتها صديقتي  
 بمناسبة عيد ميلادها اذ رأيته هناك . فتقابلت العيون  
 وتحاكت . وعندئذ علمت انني واقعة في شرك حبه . وما  
 ان بدأت الموسيقى ترسل انغامها العذبة في الجو حتى رأيته  
 مقبلاً نحوي . فاضطربت اضطراباً عنيفاً وحسبت ان الارض  
 تدور بي واستفقت من غفرتي هذه على صورته وهو يطلب  
 مني الرقص معه . وما ان وضع يده حول خصري حتى  
 شعرت بكهرباء تسري في جسمي وبدأت ارتعد كورقة  
 الشجر في مهب الريح ، ثم بدأت رجلاي تحذلاني ولكن  
 ذراعه القوية سندتني ومنعتني من السقوط . واظن انه علم  
 بذلك اذ جذبني نحوه بقوة وسندني الى صدره وسار بي  
 الى دنيا الاحلام .

ولما انتهت الخفلة قابلته مرة اخرى وتقابلت عيوننا  
 فكانت نظراته كسهم تحترق قاي . مضى على ذلك عدة  
 اسابيع كنت عائشة فيها بدنيا الاحلام والسعادة وكنت  
 احب كل شيء اراه .

وتقابلنا للمرة الثالثة وكانت هذه المقابلة في احدى دور  
 السينما فسلم علي وسألني عن صديقتي فقلت له انني بانتظارها .  
 وبقي هو معي يحادثني حتى اتت صديقتي فذهبنا كلنا الى  
 داخل السينما وجلس هو بقربي . وما اظن انني انتهت الى  
 ما كان يدور حولي سوى انه كان جالساً بجازي .

وبعد انتهاء الرواية طلب منا ان يوصلنا الى بيوتنا  
 فاجابت صديقتي بالقبول فوصلناها الى بيتها اولاً لانه كان  
 اقرب من بيتي ثم ذهبنا في طريقنا الى بيتي . وفي الطريق  
 بدأ يبرح لي بما يكمن في قلبه من الحب لي وعندئذ  
 شعرت بخفقان شديد في قلبي حتى خلت انه سوف يشب  
 من بين ضلوعي . ولما انتهى من حديثه بتيت صامتة حتى  
 وصولنا الى بيتي لان الفرح كان قد عقد لساني وشأه عن  
 الحركة . وهناك تحت اشعة القمر الفضية وتحت ظلال شجرة  
 الزيتون تبادلنا نظراتنا العاطفية وتعاهدنا على حبنا الطاهر  
 النقي ان نبقي عفيين حتى تتيح لنا الظروف بالتعاقد  
 الزوجي .

البائسة بنفسها فيه من الجسر والقيت بنفسي وراءها وبعد مدة  
 وجيزة وجدتها بين المياه العابرة الغير العابثة بما يحدث بين  
 جنباتها وبدأت اجذبها معي الى الشاطئ وما ان استردت  
 انفاسها حتى بدأت تدفني عنها محاولة التملص ، فشددت  
 ذراعي حولها وسبجت بها الى الشاطئ خائر القوى . اما  
 هي فكانت في حالة يرثى لها من الحياء . لانه كان قد  
 اجتمع جمهور كبير من العابرين حولنا ولما استردت قواي  
 كاملة رجوت احد المتفرجين ان يوقف لنا سيارة اجرة .  
 ولما جاءت السيارة اصططبت المرأة معي اليها وامرت  
 السائق ان يذهب بنا الى بيتي .

هناك اعطيتها ملابس احدى قوياتي التي كانت قد  
 خلفتها وراءها لكي تأخذها معها عندما ترجع من سفرتها  
 الى اوروبا . بعد نصف ساعة من الزمن عندما بدأ الظلام  
 يرخي سدوله جلسنا في احدى الغرف وكلانا صامت لا  
 ينطق بكلمة ما . فنظرت الي بعينين عسليتين بعد ذلك  
 الجهد الثقيل عندما بددت السكون بسؤالي هذا « ما  
 اسمك » ثم اخفضتها واسترسلت في نشيج من البكاء المر  
 الذي مزق فؤادي وجعلني في حيرة وشوق الى معرفة كل  
 ما الم بها في هذا الحادث المؤلم اذ كانت الاسئلة منعقدة في  
 لساني تحاول الخروج كسيل المياه اذا ما حانت الفرصة  
 ولكني ضببت شعوري هذا واعطيتها مهلة من الزمن  
 تسترد فيها انفاسها واذا بها ترفع رأسها فجأة وتقول « انك  
 قد تستعرب مما حدث لي اليوم ولكن لو كنت في مكاني  
 لما فعلت بأقل من هذا » فصمتت هنيهة ثم استرسلت « اني  
 سوف اقص عليك ما حدث لي وجعلني ان اعمل هذا العمل  
 السخيف - انني من عائلة ذات سمعة طيبة ودخل لا بأس به  
 وكنا نعيش عيشة سعيدة كان يحسدنا عليها الجيران وقد  
 كنت في الصف الرابع الثانوي عندما . . . . . رأيته »  
 وهنا تهدج صوتها ولكنها ضببت عواطفها واستمرت :  
 « قد تعرفت اليه صدفة في احدى السينات لما قدمته  
 لي صديقتي وما ان رأيته حتى قرأت على وجهه سمات النبل  
 والشرف والمثل العليا . وكان طويل القامة مشوقها ذا  
 شعر اسود وعيون سود تحطف الابصار بهريقها وكانت له  
 يد من حديد تنبئك بأن صاحبها ذو عزم ونشاط .



## الطاهر خلد العترة

عصر يوم بهيج بينما كانت الشمس تتوسد بطانتها في غربها كنت سائراً في طريقي الى البيت بعد نزهة قصيرة قضيتها بالترحال بين خماثل الازهار والرياحين في بستان صديق لي ، وكنت مرسلأ نظري الى مياه دجلة وهي تتعرج نحو الجنوب عابراً جسر دجلة واذا بصرخة تجلب نظري الى مصدرها وتربني اختفاء امرأة قد ألت بنفسها من الجسر . يائسة من الحياة ومتاعبها فما كان .ني الا وركضت الى المحل الذي التقت

فني

الضعيفة فادفهمهم الى الاقتداء. بئلى عليها صورها لهم . انا المسرح . ولكن لا تضع وقتك معي فما انا الا فرع صغير من اخي الاكبر انه قريب من هنا .

لقد يمت شطره وعندما وصلته زجرت امواجه قائلة:  
« انا الكلمة الجبارة التي لا تصمد امامها قوة اخرى . انا الموهبة التي ان امتلكت كان لملكها من التأثير ما لا يكون لغيره . انا القادرة على التلاعب بافكار ومعتقدات الالوف . انا الحسام البتار المهاجم وانا الدرع الواقي المدافع انا اظهر الكفاءة والعبقرية . انا الاميرة التي يسجد امامها الكتاب والشعراء في الليالي الطوال يطلبون الوحي والالهام حتى اذا انفجر الصباح وجدتي قد سودت الصحائف . احارب الرذيلة وادافع عن الفضيلة . اندد بالظلم والاستبداد واشعل النفوس بنار الحمية والاخلاص . انا اللآلئ الرائعة الجمال تخرج من افواه الواقفين على المنابر فيرى بريق لمعانها الجميع اني اهب نفسي لمن يحق له امتلاكها فيخرجني بأسلوبه المختار داعياً الى الاصلاح شارحاً للشعوب اسباب تأخرها . مبنياً لها مناحي امراضها الاجتماعية . وعندما تعلم نقاط ضعفها يسهل عليها علاج امراضها . انا الحاكمة العادة التي يجب ان ينصت الى اقوالها اذا ارادت الامم لنفسها الحرية والسعادة . بواسطة يمكن البشر ان يسموا مثلهم العليا . اني الرحيدة التي اتكن ان اقودهم الى بر الامان ومرسى الكمال »

وهنا علا هدير الامواج فظننت الحديث قد انتهى فشرعت ابتمد ولكن صوتاً ارتفع فوق ضجيج الامواج يقول :

« انا موهبة فن الكتابة والخطابة . »

فقلت لها :

« في يد من يمتلكك اذا مصير الامم والشعوب . »

تركوا لذيانا ذخرًا لا يقوم بشن . لم يكن الذخر دولا قوضت ولم يكن بلاداً فتحت ولم يكن جيوشاً قهرت ولم يكن شعوباً استعبدت انما كان ذخرًا . من نوع آخر ذخرًا سيقي خالدًا . ما دام على وجه البسيطة قلب بيتغي الحياة وما دام في الحياة عقل يعي .

تنساب مياه هذا النهر في جداول عدة مررت مرة بأحدها وسألته من هو واليك بعض ما قال :

« انا الملك الذي يرتفع بارواح البشر الى حيث ترفرف هائمة بين اجواق الالهة فتقف هناك خاشعة واجفة القلوب تستمع الى تلك الالخان الداوية الرائعة - انا هو من ينسي الطاغية جبروته والقاسي قوته بنغاني الهادئة - انا هو الذي يرسل الدموع حارة في آقي عيون تعودت ان لا تنظر الا الى الدماء المهرقة . اني الين القلوب ولو قدت من الصخر الاصم بموسيقاي الشجية . اني انسي المرء اتعابه واحزانه وابعث في نفسه الطمأنينة وفي روحه الامل والرجاء بالخلي العذبة . انا الامم الرؤوم التي يلتجئ اليها كل من اثقلت كاهله المصائب فأريجه منها . انا الذي يصور المشاعر وانا الذي يتحكم فيها كيفما شا . »

« الا يكفيك اني ذاك الذي افنى في خدمته العباقرة حياتهم اولئك الذين ما زالت اسماؤهم على الشفاه اولئك الذين سخرت اعمالهم بالزمن فبقيت ارواحهم مرفوفة على ضفتي خالدة على مر الاجيال . ثم همست الامواج قائلة انا الموسيقى . »

اعجبني حديث الجدول فسرت الجث عن شقيق له ولكن الطريق كان طويلاً متعباً فجلست بقرب غدير صغير استريح وقبل ان انهض لأودعه سألته ترى من انت ايها الغدير الصغير اجاب :

« انا المرأة التي تنعكس عليها حوادث الماضي . انا الصورة التي تذكر الشعوب بأبطلها الابطاد . والدول بعظمتها الغابرة . اني اظهر الاخطاء التي ارتكبت وابين الطرق التي يجب اتباعها . اني ابث الروح في نفوس الناس »

رامرز يوسف هرمرز

(طالب في الصف الخامس الاعدادي)





## الفنون الجميلة

الفن  
 ن الجميلة روح الامم وضمير الشعوب  
 ومبعث الالهام . اتميش امة بغير  
 روح ؟ أيكون لشعب كلمة معتبرة  
 شرفه وهو يحيا بدون ضمير ؟ اتقدم البشرية وتندور عقول  
 افرادها بدون هذا الذي يسو بالعقول ويرتفع بها عن  
 هذا العالم الغافي المملوء بكل انواع الرذائل والمريقات .  
 الفنون الجميلة مياه نهر رقرق تنعكس على اواجهه  
 الهادئة حضارات امم وشعوب ومن خلالها تظهر صور افراد

# الملك صائب

ابها

القارى المحترم -

الحياة والموت كليهما - بكيت كثيراً لتلك العائلة المنكودة الحظ والتي كأن امها قد ولدت افرادها جميعاً في ليلة خبا نجمها السعيد وبزغ نجمها التمس ثم تركت الضريح الفخم بعد ان اصلحت ما انكفأ من الادراد والازهار المنتثرة حواليه . كان القوم قد انتهوا من مراسم الدفن ورجعوا الى ديارهم قافلين فأردت اللحاق بهم ولكنني عدت واحببت ان ارى بأمر عيني ما فعل الموت القاسي بالبشر فتابعت المسير بين القبور والاقبية والكهوف والمغاور متعثراً بمعظام الموتى وجماجهم المبعثرة هنا وهناك وبلايس موفرة بالتراب وشعري مشعث وعياني دامعتان وقلبي يكاد ينصرع الماء لتلك المشاهد المؤلمة التي صورت لي مصير الانسان بعد الموت فاخذت احتقر ذاتي واحسست بكياتي يتلاشى امام جبروت تلك القوة الجارية التي يسمنها الموت . جلست فوق صخرة كبيرة بعد ان انهكني السير واخذ الحزن مني مأخذه وجعلت أتأمل الحياة والموت وما فعلت يداها بالبشر .

لست ادري ايها القارى المحترم ما هذه الحركة الانتقالية السريعة من الحياة الى الموت ولست ادري لم خلقنا اذا كنا نموت ولم ولدنا اذا كنا لا ننعيم في الحياة طويلاً واذا كان لا بد من الموت فلم كل هذه الآلام والاحزان والمتاعب والارصاب التي تصادفنا في الحياة ، سنقضي يا قارئ المحترم كما قضى هؤلاء الموتى سنوات قد تكون طويلة وقد تكون قصيرة ولكنهما في كلتا الحالتين ستكون مرة قاسية تتخللها لذات قصيرة في فترات قصيرة حتى يأتينا ذلك المخلوق الجبار - الموت - مرزوقاً بجناحيه الفولاذيين اللذين اذا اهوى بهما على مخلوق اباده لساعته .

كان الليل في المقبرة قد حلك وادهم وانتشرت الحشرات الطنانة بين الاشجار وظهرت اشباح الموتى تلاحق بعضها بعضاً فهاتني ذلك المنظر لا سيما عندما شاهدت شبح صديقي قادماً الي بهذام الموت المرعب وابتهامته المألوفة فتركت المقبرة متعلقاً بأذيال الفرار لا الوي على شي .

فاروق فلاح

الطالب في الصف الخامس الاعدادي

قصتي هذه ليست من نسج الخيال وانا فاجعة من فواجع الحياة القاسية التي ما زالت ذكرها عالقة في ذهني فكلمنا انذكرها اخوب حزناً والماء . ففي اصيل يوم من ايام شهر نيسان المنصرم ذهبت مع الذاهبين لتشييع جثمان احد اصدقائي الاوفياء . وصلنا المقبرة ودخلناها وانا اكفكف الدمع المتساقط من عيني فقد بكيت كثيراً فقد ذلك الصديق الحميم الذي كنت احبه ويحبنى واخلص له ويخلص لي طوال السنين التسع التي قضيناها . ما في صعيد واحد . كان حفار القبور القاسي قد هيباً القبر ووقف بجانبه ومعه الماضي بيده وهو فرح مستبشر لأنه اضاف الى سكان مدينته نفساً جديدة فزاد تعدادها . اجريت المراسيم الدينية الخاصة بالدفن وانزل النعش في قبر داخبي القرارة ثم حثي فوقه التراب . اما انا فقد انسلت من بين القوم واخذت اطوف في ارجاء المقبرة فساقطني قدمي الى جدث حديث العهد وكانت اوراق الزهر قد تناثرت عليه والتصقت به اعقاب الشموع الكافورية وكانت رائحة البخور تفوح وتبعث في جو ذلك الجدث فاخذت امعن النظر فيه فوجدت في طرفه الاعلى صورة الفتاة ممشوقة القدر جميلة المحيا ذات عينيّن تضارعان السماء بزرقتهما، لمأ تبلغ العقد الثاني من عمرها وعلى ثغرها ابتسامة حلوة ساحرة ساخرة كأنها تقول : ويحا لك ايها الموت الغادر فقد غدرت بي وما زلت في ربيع شبلي وعنفوانه « فتفرقت في عيني دموع ساخنة ثم سقطت على الترى الذي احتضنها .

تابعت المسير بين القبور والاقبية وانا واجم صامت من رهبة الموت وجلاله فاخذ بي المطاف الى ضريح فخم مرصوص البناء وما تبيته جلياً الا ووقع نظري على لوحة من رخام فاخذت اقرأ ما عليها فاذا بي امام مأساة نسي التاريخ ان يسطرها في سجلاته - زوج وزوجته وطفلاهما قضى عليهم الموت دفعة واحدة على اثر وباء عضال اصاب العائلة الصغيرة فيما هول الفاجعة ووامصيتاه لهذا الخطب اللجل فجشوت بجانب الضريح اجلالاً وخشوعاً واخذت العن

## المحببتروي قصتها

# ولد

ت منذ عصور غابرة واجيال سحيقة ، فتحت عيني فأبصرت عالماً جميلاً ، عالماً هادئاً ساكناً لم اسمع فيه الا تراتيل البلابل واغاريد الطيور ، حفيف الاغصان المكسوة بوشاح الامل وخويز المياه المنسابة بين الرياض انسياب الفكرة في خيال طفل صغير . ترعرت في هذا الجو البديع . كانت الازهار ندياتي والترتيل لغتي . كانت تطرق مساهمي احياناً سمات خافتة تنادي مستغيثة فكنت اجول هنا وهناك باحثة عن مصدرها فلم اسمع الا انغاماً تذوب رقة وحناناً تحملها امواج الاثير الى خالقها لتسبحه وتمجده .

عندئذ ابصرني وشعروا بي . . . ابصرني فابصروا الله بعظمته وجلاله والكون بجماهله وبهجته والحياة بلذتها وهنائها . شعروا بي فشعروا بالحياة تجري حارة في عروقهم - المودة والاخوة تتدفقان من قلوبهم - والقناعة والايمان تملآن ارواحهم .

فن انا يا ترى وما اسمي ؟ . . . الست التي جعلت البلقع بستاناً والشر خيراً والشقاء سعادة والموت حياة والجهل ايماناً ؟

انا الروضة - انا الخير - انا السعادة - انا الحياة - انا المحبة

مكبر نوماس

(الطالب في الصف الخامس الاعدادي)

سمعت يوماً اصواتاً مزعجة غير منسجمة تملو تارة وتهبط اخرى ثم اخذت تملو وتملأ . . . اخذت اجري بكل قوتي صوب الصوت وقد كانت هناك قوة خفية لا ادري كنهها تدفعني وتحفزني ركضت وركضت . . . توقفت هنيهة لاسترد انفاسي نظرت خلفي فاذا بأرض محضرة مشرقة . تطلعت امامي فلم اجد الا ارضاً قاحلة وهضاباً جرداء ، جريت وجريت ثم تلفت ثانية فلم ار الا ارضاً منبسطة ضاحكة تمتد الى اللانهاية فلم ادرك ان السائرة أم الارض تسير بي . واصلت المسير والاصوات تهز الارض هزاً وقللاً الفضاء رعباً . . . اشرفت على منحدر واطالت عليه فاذا رأيت اا سيوفاً تملو وتنخفض بسرعة كأنها النجوم تنهادي

## هل انتهت الحرب؟

يوماً بعد يوم . لقد انقسم العالم الى معسكرات وتشتت قوى الحضارة الى كتلات وتجزأت عناصر العمل الى اجزاء متباعدة بعضها عن البعض .

فالتسابق بين الامم القوية يجري اليوم باندفاع زائد وقوة غير متناهية ليس في اقامة صروح السلم ولا في سبيل دعم دعائم العدل ولا في طريق محاربة الفقر والجهل والمرض ولا افرض الانشاء والتعمير وتخفيف جروح الانسانية المعذبة بل يجري هذا التسابق في سبيل اعداد العدة والتهيؤ لحرب ثالثة آكلة للبشر هدامة لصروح الحضارة مقوضة لبناء السعادة وها هي لم تجف بعد دماء الملايين من الشباب الذين ذهبوا طعماً لنيران الحرب في الامس القريب ولم يقيم صرح مما هدمته يد الحرب ولم ننس المآسي والذكريات المؤلمة للحرب المنصرمة .

فلو نقام رجال السياسة العقل مقام العاطفة والحقيقة محل الخيال لما ركنوا الى هذا الاسلوب في العلاقات ولما صرفوا هذه الملايين من الدنانير التي تنفق بسخاء على اعداد آلات الدمار والحرب كالمدافع والطائرات والقنابل وغير هذا . نعم فلو صرفوا هذه الملايين بل المليارات على البناء والتعمير والاصلاح فهي مبالغ كافية لادخال عوامل السعادة واسباب الاستقرار والراحة والسلام على العالم قاطبة .

صالم عفر اوي

الطالب في الصف الرابع الاعدادي

لوقتنا نظرة خاطفة على دول اوروبا في الوقت الحاضر لرأينا ان المرض والبؤس والجوع والحراب هي ازايات التي ترفرف على هذه الاقطار فان الوفاً من الاطفال الذين فقدوا آباءهم خلال الحرب يطوفون في الشوارع هائين على وجوههم ليس لهم مأوى يلجأون اليه ولا مدرسة تعلمهم . تراهم ينتقلون من محل الى آخر وراء الطعام الذي يلا بطونهم الفارغة التي لم تذق لمدة سنوات طعاماً لألوان الطعام الذي نتناوله نحن فلا شك ان هذا الجيل من الشئ سيصبح عالة على المجتمع والعالم في السنين المقبلة . هذه الملايين من الرجال والنساء والاطفال الذين فتك بهم الجوع تراهم هزيلي الجسم نحيلي القامة يوتون في عقر دورهم . جماعات من الرجال يفتكون بالارواح ويسلمون اخوانهم السكان للحصول على ما يشبعهم . الامراض على اختلاف انواعها وجدت لها مرتعاً خصيباً بين هذه الاقوام فتقضي عليهم بأنيابها الفتاكة . هذه الدور التي خربتها نيران القنابل والقصور الضخمة لسالف الملوك والمتاحف التي حوت على آثار الآباء والاجداد والمدارس والجامعات العلمية زارها اليوم احجاراً متراكمة . فبالرغم من هذه الحالة التي تشمئز منها النفوس وتقشعر منها الابدان نرى اليوم حرب المصائب تقاوم الحكومات الوطنية نرى الدول الكبيرة تطمع الواحدة بالاك الاخرى وتخلق مشاكل سياسية جديدة فان العلاقات السياسية بين الامم اخذت ترداد اكفهراراً والمشاكل والاوزاع تتمعد

فانني اتذكر كمال بطلي الذي انا عازم على الاقتداء به والذي يحوى جميع الفضائل فكلمنا اقتربت منه كثرت سعادتي وكنت مستريحاً وعالمنا بجالي وبما انا فاعل .

اذن فقد وجدنا السعادة في هذا الرجل بعد ان فقدناها في الرجلين السابقين انه احسن الفلاسفة في حديثه وانجدهم واسعد البشر في شعوره . ان مشاهجه يمكن تطبيقه من قبل اي فرد من الافراد مهما اختلفت طبقتهم وهما كانت نظرتهم الى الحياة فالفيلسوف الذي يبحث عن تحسين حالة شعبه فانه بادراكه انه بذلك سوف يقترب خطوة الى كمال ذلك البطل يزيد سروره وحبه في عمله ويستشعر لذة في ذلك تساعد على الخفي في عمله ولو جابته صعاب العالم كلها والعالم اذا فكر تفكير هذا الرجل فيجعل اختراعاته تدنيه درجة الى كمال هذا الاله فان انتاجه سوف يكثر وحبه لعمله يكون اجدي ويشعر بسعادة حين التفكير في انه اقترب من الاله وكذلك العامل لما يعرف انه بهذا العمل وبارضا رؤسائه سوف يرضي ربه ويمارس فضيلة من فضائل ذلك البطل سوف يكون سعيداً بقدرته على الاقتراب تلك الخطوة من ربه .

هكذا يجب ان يفكر اعداء الدين الذين ليسوا الا اعداء الانسانية والعالم هكذا يجب ان يفكر الذين يقولون ان لا شأن لهم بالدين وبالله والا فانهم سيخسرون الطريق الوحيد الى السعادة الحقيقية التي اوحاها هذا الرجل المستنير .

لماذا كل هذه المشاكل وكل هذه المآزق والمعيات التي يضعها الانسان نصب عينيه كلما فكر في وجوده ونفعه ومعاشه ولماذا لا تقدر ان تجابه هذه المشاكل التي يمكنك حلها دون التذمر والتشكي لماذا لا تتشبه بالرجل العاقل اذ قال انني مخلوق وانني هنا لعمل ما علي من واجبات اعلمها على احسن ما يكون كي اقترب من الله ذلك الخالق الخاوي على جميع الفضائل الكامل في كل شيء . والصارف بكل شيء . كما تلقنك بذلك ديانتك التي نبذتها عن جهل لا عن علم والتي هي اصدق فلسفة في هذا الشأن .

### مانوبيل بطاح

الطالب في الصف الخامس الاعدادي

يحاول النجاة ولا قدرة له على ذلك انه يجابه هذه المحن ولا يعلم ما يصنع بها فهو يحاول بالقدر اليسير الذي يملكه من الفلسفة والعلم ان ينجو مما هو فيه ويبعد عن تخيلته هذه الافكار السوداء التي فرضتها عليه ضرورات العيش ولكن الفلسفة تحذله والعلم لا يجديه فيتمه فيها ويجادل ويجاجي ولكن جداله عقيم وحججه ضعيفة فهو لا يتمكن الخلاص وهو يحاول ذلك والغريب في امره انه كلما اتار له اندين شيئاً في هذه المعميات اعمى بصيرته عن النظر واطافاً النور الذي اتاه فيمضي متمثراً في هذه المشاكل والمحن فهو لم ييأس بعد عن ايجاد شيء يخلصه وهو يحاول ولذلك قال انه لا يعلم ان كان سعيداً ام لا .

واما الذي قال انه ليس بالسعيد فان سببه مشابه لسبب الذي قال بعدم العلم فهو ايضاً قد مر على نفس الصعاب وحاول ان يتخلص منها واستعمل نظامه واستعمل علمه وفلسفته وحاد اخيراً امام صعاب الحياة عن الدين فضلاً وانحسر عن سواء السبيل واضاع السعادة فهو ضال في هذا الكون قد قطع الامل بالقلب على مشاكل الحياة ولذلك قال انه ليس سعيداً فالفرق بينه وبين الاول ان الاول ما زال يبحث ويستقصي وان الثاني قد ملّ البحث واعياها الجذ فكان منه ان اعترف بانه ليس بالسعيد .

ولنسأل الآن . اذا حدا بالذي قال انه سعيد . ان هذا السعيد اتته نفس الصعوبات التي اتت لسابقه ولكنه اخذها بروية ومحصا بتدقيق فاستعمل القدر اليسير من فلسفته وعلمه واستنجد بالكثير من تعاليم دينه فاستطاع ان يكون له فكرة عن السعادة وان يصبو الى هذه السعادة بكل ما اوتيته من قوة فانه قد اتخذ له من تعاليم دينه الاهاً بطلاً جبّاراً قادراً جاهماً لكل الفضائل وليس لبشر ان يبلغ كمال هذا الاله وانما يمكنه ان يقرب اليه ويتشبه به فقال لنفسه « ان السعادة في الوصول الى كمال هذا البطل فالواجب علي ان اعمل اقصى جهدي واربيح ضميري في اي عمل اتخذه واحاول ان اكون كاملاً في ممارسته وان اعمل الخير الذي يستوجبه الكمال وكل ما من شأنه ان يكون شريفاً فاسعى الى عمل ذلك ما وسعني اليه السبيل فاذا ما دخلت في مأزق او خرجت من مشكلة

# طريق السعادة

المجتمع الحاضر اذ اننا قلما نجد الفيلسوف الخاص الذي همه ما اوردناه سابقاً وقليلون هم الذين يخلصون للعالم اذ ان الحياة تتطلب منهم واجبات لا غنى لهم عنها . وكذلك فاننا نرى ان العامية في طريق الزوال امام جفاف المدينة الحديثة .

بقي نوع رابع من طبقات المجتمع وهي الطبقة التي سأتناولها بشيء من التفصيل لانها طبقة الاكثية في العالم الا وهي الطبقة المتوسطة من الشعب هذه الطبقة هي طبقة الفيلسوف والعالم والعامي واقصد بذلك الرجل الذي يواجه الحياة بما فيها فهو قد اخذ شيئاً من العلم ووقف عند درجة منه وهو قد علمته تجارب الحياة ومطالبها شيئاً من الفلسفة تعينه على الماضي في عمله وهو له شيء من مظاهر العامة لانه لم يكمل بعد علمه ولا خلصت فلسفته فهو اذاً الرجل العادي رجل العمل ولا شك ان القارىء يوافقني على ان هذه هي الطبقة الاكثية في كل الشعوب فاذا يا ترى تعني السعادة لمثل هذه الطبقة او بالاحرى ماذا يجب ان تكون السعادة لمثل هؤلاء .

ان هذه الطبقة تشبه غيرها من الطبقات في احتوائها على اشكال وانواع مختلفة من الناس قسم قد سخت عليه الحياة فعاش في رغدها وقسم تجلت عليه فعاش في تقثيرها والآخر سار بين بين فهو ليس بالغني وهو ليس بالمعدم وكذلك ترى في هذه الطبقة من هو ملحد ومن لا يهيمه الدين في شيء ومنهم المتدين الذي يكمل شرائع دينه . انك ان جمعت هؤلاء وسألتهم عما اذا كانوا سعداء فانك سوف تحظى بثلاثة اجوبة هي ان لا اعلم او لا او نعم . لماذا كذا اختلفت الاجوبة يا ترى .

ان الذي قال بعدم العلم قال ذلك لسبب من الاسباب فهو قد غزته مصاعب الحياة ومشاكلها فضاغ في خضوعها

لقد اختلف العلماء والفلاسفة في تعريف كلمة السعادة والحقيقة ان السعادة ليست شيئاً ملموساً يمكن تعريفه باعطائه طولاً معيناً او شكلاً . طلقاً فالسعادة كبعض الكلمات التي نطلقها على احساسات وشعائر نحسها ونشعر بوجودها واكن ليس بإمكاننا ان نلم بماهيتها الماسماً تماماً فاننا نستعمل كلمة السعادة بصورة لا ارادية دون ان نفهم او نطن اننا نفهم شيئاً عنها . السعادة كالمذيلة والفضيلة اسما نطلقها على بعض ما نحسه ونراه في عمل او شعور يأتي عن خير فعائنه او شر اتيناه .

فالسعادة عند الفيلسوف هي البحث والاستقصاء عن اساليب للعيش ونظم افضل من التي في الواقع اويجاد ما وراء الطبيعة والاتصال بالله والسعادة عند العالم هي ان يكتشف ويلم بما هو في صدره من موضوع او بحث علمي فان وجده ظن انه وجد السعادة واكنه سرعان ما يأتيه موضوع عويص آخر فيلبيه عن السعادة الاولى التي احسها وهكذا يبقى دائماً من موضوع الى آخر يظن ان السعادة في يده واذا هي بعيدة عنه .

اما السعادة عند الجاهل او ما نسميه بالرجل العامي فهي وفرة المواد الغذائية حيث يكتفه اعالة نفسه وعائلته وانجاب اطفاله وتنشئتهم بحيث يمكنهم اعالته عندما يصبح عاجزاً وبذلك يستريح من عناء العمل فيشاطر اخوانه القدماء احاديث الشباب وافراحه وبذلك تنتهي حياته ونلاحظ هنا ان افكار هذا الرجل قد حصرت في دائرة ضيقة اخرى بها ان تكون عند الانسان القديم .

هذه نبذة عن كلمة السعادة مجئناها في ثلاث طبقات من طبقات المجتمع ولما كانت هذه الطبقات قليلة نسبياً في

نفوسنا التشجيع والحماس و عرفنا .مبنى التضحية والارادة القوية وفيها استغلنا علومها وتجارب آباءنا واساتذتها الذين لهم علينا ديون وحقوق وفضل سائغ لا ينكر على مدد الايام وفي خلالها اصبحنا رجالاً بعد ما كنا اطفالاً لا ندري ماذا يجري خارج مخيلتنا العقلية ومنها تعلمنا النهوض مع الطيور والعصافير وانهاء الواجب بلا كلل او ملل . ولم نعرف يوماً العجز عن العمل والتصير عن الواجب والتخلف عن النظام ومنها عرفنا الجهاد في سبيل الحق وازهاق الباطل وكيف يمكننا بعد ذلك ان نقود سفينة البلاد الى شاطئ الحرية والسلام .

اجل لا اعرف كيف انتهت السنوات الخمس التي كانت ينبوع حياتنا الدائم فلها اثرها الجليل وفضلها الزائد اذ كانت مصباحاً ناصعاً لنا بين سقيم الآراء . من ناجحها وناقصها من طيبها وناقصها من ضارها وكانت كلية بغداد الرفيق لنا عند المحن تدير لنا الطريق اذا ادلهم وتبعث في انفسنا الصبر والعزاء اذا نزل امر او ألم فخفت عنا اعباء الحياة ويسرت لنا كل عسير :

ونحن اليوم نقف على عتبة كلية بغداد لننظرها نظرة الفراق ونودعها وداعاً فيه شوق وحنان ونقبلها قبلة الام لانها كانت امنا الثانية - نقف اليوم لنودع اباها واساتذتها بل لنودع اخواننا الذين مازال دورهم في التثمين قائماً - نودع الكلية وفي قلوبنا بهجة الفرح وفي ضمائرنا سلسلة من الذكريات وفي افئدتنا حب لها وعطف وولاء فلا يسعنا بعد الآن الا ان نوجه التشكرات الى كليتنا العزيزة داعين لها بكل نجاح في طريقها التربوي وتعليمها التويم واعدادها شباباً يكونون فخر الامة والبلاد فالملك ايتها الكلية المباركة منأ الف دعا، واقبلي منأ الف سلام وتابعي المسير لاسداء الرسالة التي من اجلها يقام بناؤك الشامخ فسيري الى الامام وعناية الله ترعاك تحت ظل ملك البلاد ووصيه الامين .

فريد اوفي

(طالب في الصف الخامس الاعدادي)

فاذا كانت البيئة جيدة ممتازة والمحيط مرتفعاً عالي الشأن كان الشباب خير شباب وتأثير البيئة على المجتمع لا يقل خطراً عن تأثير الحمرة في كبد الانسان . فسنو المدرسة هي دور من ادوار الحياة دور الصبا والشباب، ياب المرء في بيئات مختلفة لها التأثير على تفاوت ثقافة الشباب وعلومهم . واذا كان المسرح جيداً كان اللاعبون فيه من الممتازين والعارفين وقلم ينتج شباب وعلم من بيئة سيئة .

والبيئة في حياة الصبا نعني بها المدرسة فهي دار التثقيف والتهديب وتقويم الاعوجاج وخلق الشخصيات وبسط الفضيلة ومكارم الاخلاق فهي كلية بغداد بما انها مدرستنا ودار تهذيبنا ومصدر شخصيتنا ومنبع اخلاقنا ومنبر فضائلنا بل هي نور مستقبلنا الذي اشرفت خيوطه الوهاجة علينا ونسجت لنا طريقاً فيه خير وفلاح، ففيها قضينا دوراً من ادوار الحياة دوراً طال خمس سنوات كان زاهراً زهور الورد دوراً سار بسرعة البرق وانقضت الاعوام بغمضة عين وانفتاحها .

نعم خمسة اعوام هي التي لا انساها بل لا يعرف اساني كيف يعبر وقلمي كيف يكتب في وصفها وبيانها تلك التي طبعت في قلوبنا حب الدرس والاطلاع عما يكشفه لنا من جديد نافع كان سلاحاً وعتاداً به نكافح الحياة المدرسية . وفيها تعلمنا الرطانة بلسان اجني يمكننا بواسطته مواجهة صعاب العيش والالتقاء بألسن الغرباء وفيها انشأنا شخصية حصينة بعلمها ومعارفها وفيها وسائل الرقابة تجاه امراض الحياة وفيها تحسنت لغتنا - لغة الضاد المحبوبة وتقوت معانينا وعذبت الفاظنا ومنها تعلمنا كيف نجابه الحياة ونشقى سبيلنا الى الامام تجاه اشواك الطريق وفيها اقتبسنا عقائد وآراء ما سوف يكفيننا لمواجهة الصعاب من الحياة وفيها تقوّم اعوجاجنا وتعدلت سيرتنا وتعلمنا الرفق بأخينا الانسان والعطف عليه وفيها اخذنا قوة الرأي والمبدأ والعقيدة لننهض بعبء الحياة ومنها اخذنا تعاليم الدين القويم وبذرت فينا بذور الايمان والثقة بالله وفيها تعلمنا واجبنا الوطني وحب بلادنا وفيها نمت ابداننا وترعرعت اجسامنا وتعودنا حب الرياضة والبطولة التي اوجدت في



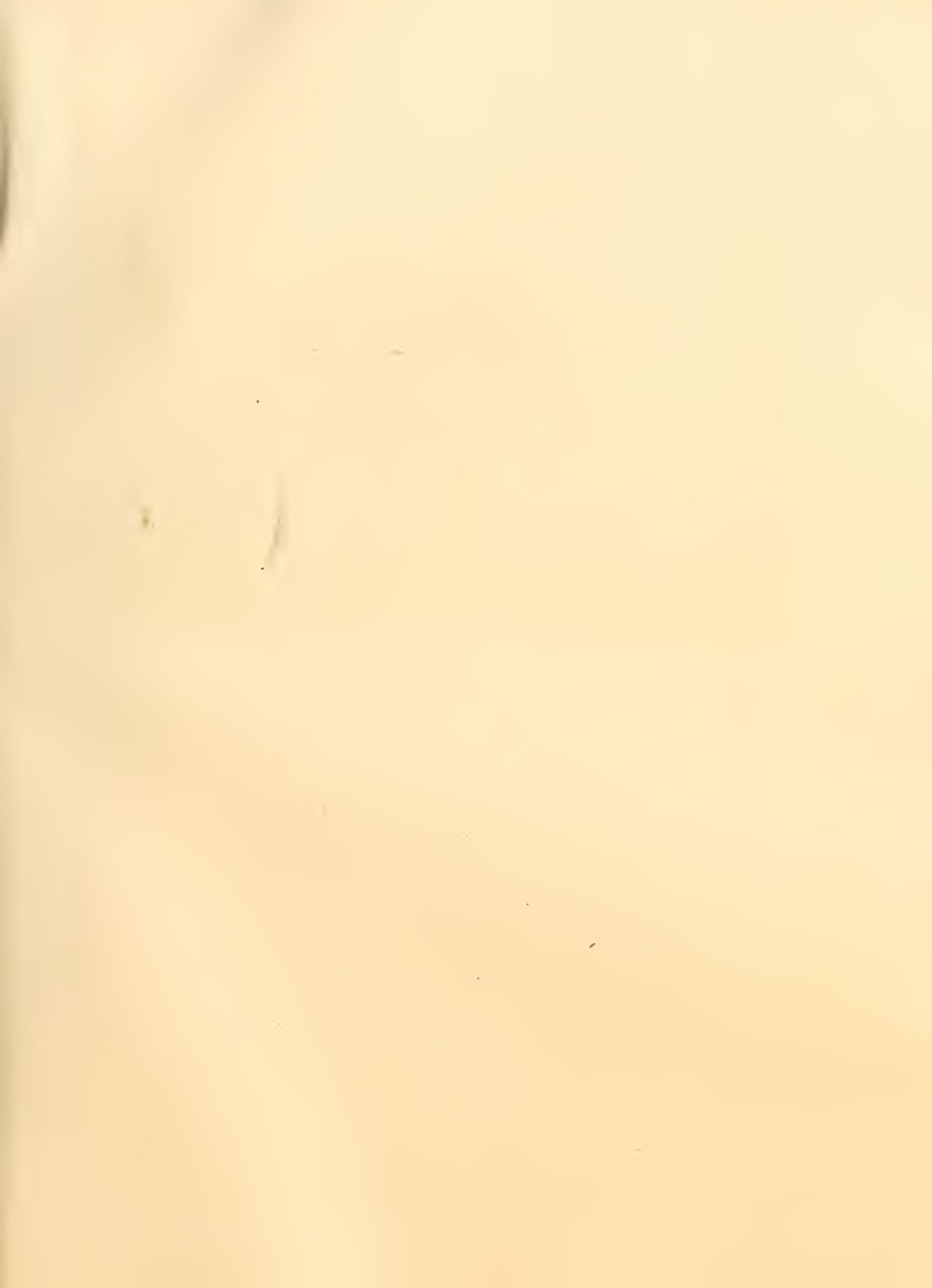
## السِّنَى التي لا نَسَاهَا

ادوار تمثيل الشباب سنو الحياة المدرسية ، فهي فصول العيش الخالدة الباقية — خالدة لا منقرضة وباقية لا منسية وهي الريح العذبة التي تحمل الشباب الى الحرية والرفاه وسؤدد الايام وهي التي تؤمن الحياة والمستقبل وتركز الشخصية في المرء وادوار الحياة تختلف بطبيعة بيئتها ونوع محيطها

امرئ في الحياة يلعب دوره على مسرح فسيح الارجاء، والسنون ما هي الا فصول واقسام لرواية الحياة فنما ما كانت خالدة في النفس عزيزة في الشأن تبقى في الذاكرة لا يحجبها الدهر ولا تمحيها الايام. والشباب اليوم يلعب خير دور واعظم تمثيل ليشق طريقه في الحياة مكافئاً لنيل ما ربه وتوطيد كيانه. ومن

كل





العراقي



اصدرها

القسم الثانوي

كلية بغداد

بغداد العراق



عام الف وتسعمئة وثمانية واربعون



١٩٤٨

العراق  
كلية بغداد  
البرق

